

American Girl

15c a copy

JULY
1940

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

160,000 COPIES
GUARANTEED
CIRCULATION

OL



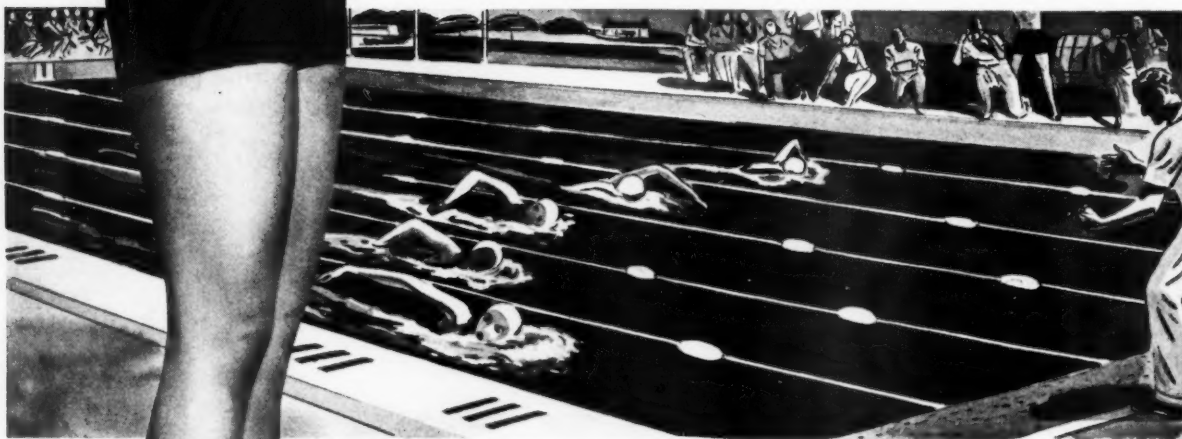
"Bread at every Meal

**WAS OUR TRAINING RULE
AT COLLEGE"**

says Katharine Roberts

ex-captain Smith College swimming team

At Smith, Katharine Roberts not only captained the swimming team, but for three years was one of the Smith Life Guards—all star swimmers. She also made the baseball team and was a proficient archer. And in her junior year, Miss Roberts was chosen Queen of the Lord Jeff Prom at Amherst.



"SUSTAINED ENERGY to give extra power to every stroke—that's what you need to shave the seconds that win a 440-yard race," says Miss Roberts.

"Not just quick energy for a quick start, but a steady release of energy to carry you through to the finish. That's why bread is so valuable—it supplies *sustained* energy... helps endurance.

"And I noticed, too, that the girls in college who ate bread regularly—whether they were out for a team or not—seemed to keep up their pep and vitality. I think every girl who wants to be outstanding in school athletics

should eat bread at every meal!"

SOUND ADVICE! Bread often helps you fight fatigue... supplies valuable proteins for muscles. And it is nearly 100% digestible.

So eat plenty of bread. It's one of the best energy foods you can eat!



EAT BAKERS' BREAD

The modern bakers' bread is one of the best energy foods you can eat. It supplies—in almost ideal proportions—muscle-building proteins and energy-giving carbohydrates. And bread is nearly 100% digestible.

Copyright, 1940, by Standard Brands Incorporated

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for JULY, 1940

Cover Design	Orson Lowell
Girl Picking Water Lilies— <i>From a painting by Eastman Johnson</i>	4

STORIES

Fair Way to a Job— <i>Helen Diehl Olds</i> . Illustrated by Corinne Malvern	8
Peek-A-Boo!— <i>Mary Avery Glen</i> . Illustrated by Robb Beebe	14
Ellen Unlaxes— <i>Charles G. Muller</i> . Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett	20
Sing for Your Supper, III— <i>Lenora Mattingly Weber</i> . Illustrated by Edward Caswell	23

ARTICLES

Virginia Weidler— <i>Helen Grigsby Doss</i> . Illustrated with photographs	5
Hoofprints in History— <i>Catherine Cate Coblentz</i> . Illustrated with photographs	11
John Bartram's Secret Garden— <i>Rupert Sargent Holland</i> . Illustrated with photographs, and drawings by William Bartram	17
Don't Let Anything Stop You!— <i>Hazel Rawson Cades</i> . Illustrated by Katherine Shane Bushnell	30
A Scrapbook for You— <i>June Peters</i> . Illustrated with a photograph and diagrams	32

POETRY

Green Heritage— <i>Dorothy Brown Thompson</i> . Decoration by Reginald Birch	19
California Dusk— <i>Elizabeth-Ellen Long</i> . Decoration by Richard Bennett	22

GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

Camp Is the Place for Fun	26
"Pipsqueak and I," A Camper's Diary— <i>Joyce Posson</i>	28

DEPARTMENTS

In Step with the Times— <i>Latrobe Carroll</i>	34	A Penny for Your Thoughts	44
What's On the Air?	38	Photography Contest	45
What's On the Screen?	39	Laugh and Grow Scout	47
Good Times with Books— <i>Nora Beust</i>	40	American Painters Series, XXIX: East-	
American Girl Patterns	42	man Johnson— <i>M.C.</i>	50

ANNE STODDARD, Editor
ELIZABETH HONNESS, Managing Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL

ERIC SHUMWAY, Circulation Manager
MARGARET MORAN, Adv. Representative

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Foreign, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: A. M. Wilcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York City; Powers & Stone, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.; Dorr & Corbett, Old South Building, Boston, Mass.; Warwick S. Carpenter, 29 E. de la Guerra, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Published monthly by Girl Scouts, Inc., 350 Dennison Ave., Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A. Address all correspondence to the Executive and Editorial offices at Girl Scout National Headquarters, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1940, Girl Scouts, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Reprinting, or adaptation for radio or other use, not permitted except by special authorization. Entered as second-class matter July 30, 1936, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

VOLUME XXIII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER VII

Honorary President . Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Honorary
Vice-Presidents

Mrs. BENJAMIN HARRISON
Mrs. T. J. PRESTON, JR.
Mrs. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Mrs. WILLIAM H. TAFT
Mrs. WOODROW WILSON
Mrs. CALVIN COOLIDGE
Mrs. HERBERT HOOVER
Miss SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD
Mrs. WILLIAM H. HOFFMAN
Mrs. ARTHUR O. CHOATE
Mrs. FREDERICK H. BROOKE

Mrs. JULIETTE LOW Founder
Mrs. FREDERICK EDEY National Commissioner
Mrs. HARVEY S. MUDD President
Mrs. VANCE C. MCCORMICK First Vice-President
Mrs. ALAN H. MEANS Second Vice-President
Mrs. C. LESLIE GLENN Third Vice-President
Mrs. RALPH G. WRIGHT Chairman, Executive
Committee of Board of Directors
Miss ELEANOR EDSON Treasurer
Mrs. LEO ARNSTEIN Assistant Treasurer
Mrs. THOMAS H. BECK Secretary
Mrs. PAUL T. KAMMERER, JR. Assistant Secretary
Mrs. PAUL RITTENHOUSE National Director
Mr. E. F. ELWOOD Controller



For biographical note about the artist, see page 50

By permission of the owner, Victor Spark

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

XXIX—GIRL PICKING WATER LILIES *Painted by* EASTMAN JOHNSON

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JULY • 1940

VIRGINIA WEIDLER



Photograph
by Universal

YOU might envy Virginia Weidler for a number of reasons. She is a well-known movie starlet, she lives in the glamorous town of Hollywood, and she works in exciting pictures and attends exciting previews. Yes, you might envy Virginia, but the chances are that she would envy you even more. For, aside from her acting ambitions, Virginia's greatest longing is to be a Girl Scout.

To her, Hollywood has no more "glamour" than your own home town has for you, and she thinks that working in a picture, or attending a preview, could not be half so exciting as belonging to a troop. What fun it would be to learn new crafts, give teas for your mothers, begin troop projects, go on hikes and nature trips! What fun to sit around a campfire with girls your own age, to form a "good-night circle" and sing Taps together!

What fun—but what impossible fun for her! This busy young actress has her days crammed full from the time she dresses in the morning until she tumbles into bed, with a tired sigh, at night. When most Scouts are through with school for the day, free to go home or to troop meetings, Virginia will often be working and studying at the Studio. While troops of merry girls are hiking in the sunshine on their Saturday outings, Virginia must often sit under hot, blinding lights, posing for picture after picture.

The life of a rising young star is not an easy one, but Virginia Weidler is a good trouser. She has made up her mind to succeed as an actress, and she is even willing to give up other activities, no matter how gay and desirable they may be, for the sake of her chosen career.

Virginia's ambition to be an actress is almost as old as she is. Her first appearance before the camera was at the age of two, but it was a very unpromising debut. The picture was *Moby Dick*. Virginia, hardly more than a baby, was supposed to be getting ready for bed in one of her first scenes, and the action called for her to take off her dress. Giving one look at the crowds of extras and set workers standing

IN "THE UNDERPUP" VIRGINIA
RODE HORSEBACK AT A GIRL'S
CAMP AND ENJOYED IT HUGELY

*An intimate story
of the everyday life
and cherished ambi-
tions of one of the
screen's most talent-
ed young actresses*

by

HELEN
GRIGSBY
DOSS

around, she suddenly balked. The longer the director and her mother coaxed, promised, and pleaded, the more obstinate she became. Every hour of a working day wasted was costing the Studio hundreds of dollars in salaries and overhead, and the director finally threw up his hands in desperation and fired her!

In spite of this mishap, Virginia developed a real desire to act at an early age. So strong was this feeling that she begged her mother to take her visiting on the sets. One day they were watching Constance Bennett preparing for a scene in a French picture called *After To-night*. A young girl, who had been cast to play the part of Miss Bennett's little niece, was supposed to report for work that morning, but she didn't show up.

Finally the director lost the last shred of his patience. "We can't hold up production any longer," he exploded to his assistant. "Have you any idea where we can find another child who speaks French?"

"I can speak French," Virginia piped up.

"What's that?" The director whirled around, and peered down at the little girl with the earnest dark eyes and tightly braided pigtails. "What was that you said?"

"I can speak French—and German, too, if you want me to," Virginia replied solemnly. "My mother taught me, because my grandmother is French and my grandfather is German, and *she* speaks both. Wouldn't you like to try me?"

The director chuckled at her serious little face, then said, "Well, why not? I will be very happy to try you." He motioned to a wardrobe girl standing near by. "Now you just go back and let that young lady fix you up; then we'll see what you can do."

Virginia came back dressed for the part, was given her lines, and went through the scene like an old-timer. The director liked her so well that he gave her the rôle on the spot.

One of those who noticed Virginia's capable work in *After To-night* was Francis Lederer, the well-known stage actor.

BELOW: VIRGINIA PLAYS THE RÔLE OF NORMA SHEARER'S DAUGHTER IN "THE WOMEN." SHE WON HIGH PRAISE FOR THE SINCERITY OF HER PERFORMANCE



TOP CENTER: AS SISTER TANNIE IN "YOUNG TOM EDISON," SHE LISTENS TO TOM'S CALL TO BREAKFAST THROUGH ONE OF HIS EARLY INVENTIONS—A SPEAKING TUBE



RIGHT: TANNIE WATCHES BROTHER TOM (PLAYED BY MICKEY ROONEY) TAP OUT A TELEGRAPH MESSAGE WHEN THE STATION MASTER TURNS HIS BACK, IN "YOUNG TOM EDISON"



BELOW: VIRGINIA'S FIRST STARRING RÔLE WAS IN THE PICTURE, "BAD LITTLE ANGEL," A STORY OF A WAIF IN THE NOT-SO-GAY NINETIES. THIS PRECEDED HER APPEARANCE WITH MICKEY ROONEY IN THE "YOUNG TOM EDISON" MOVIE

She was just the type of child he wanted for his new play, *Autumn Crocus*, so he signed her up as part of his cast. This was Virginia's first taste of the stage. She loved every moment and has never forgotten it. Since then her greatest ambition has been to learn so much about acting that, some day, she will be prepared to go back to the stage as a star in her own play.

In the meantime, she has been storing up valuable experience by working with some of the most accomplished stars of the screen. One of her early successes was in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, played when she was seven. Nearly everyone who remembers the picture will remember the impish, pigtailed little European. Virginia remembers the picture, too, because there were a lot of children in it. The more children there are working in a picture, the better she likes it!

Of all her later pictures, *The Un-*



BELOW: WITH HER STAGE MOTHER, NORMA SHEARER, IN ANOTHER SCENE FROM "THE WOMEN," VIRGINIA HAD THE ONLY CHILD PART IN THIS MOVING PICTURE



All photographs on this page by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

derpup was perhaps her favorite. She liked it for the same reason she liked working in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*—there were a lot of children in it. *The Underpup* was about a group of snobbish little rich girls who had a club called "The Penguins" and a lovely camp. One summer, having developed a Social Conscience, they chipped in out of their generous allowances, awarding a camp scholarship to the girl in the city slums who could write the best essay on trees.

Pip-Emma, who had lots of uncles, personality, and spunk, won the trip because she wrote, "I have never seen a tree."

A talented little newcomer to the screen, eleven-year-old Gloria Jean, won the title rôle and made a perfect Pip-Emma. Virginia played the part of Janet Cooper, a timid little rich girl and the only one of the "Penguins" who really tried to make friends with Pip-Emma. She played her part so realistically that you really felt sorry for her, and your heart filled with pride when Pip-Emma helped her to triumph at the end of the camp session.

Virginia not only did a good job in *The Underpup*, but she had a grand time doing it. When the picture was over, the Studio let the young members of the cast wear their uniforms to a celebration party, with cake and ice cream and a round of games. When it was time to go home, some cried and all were downcast because they would

BELOW: A SCENE FROM "ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO." BETTE DAVIS PLAYS THE GOVERNESS, HENRIETTE; VIRGINIA PLAYS LOUISE, ONE OF THE THREE PRASLIN DAUGHTERS



Photograph by Bert Siz, Warner Brothers
Photographs at top, center, and foot
of page by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



BELOW: CHARLES BOYER, THE HANDSOME DUC DE PRASLIN, GREET'S HIS DAUGHTERS AND THEIR GOVERNESS NEAR THE GAMEKEEPER'S HUT, IN "ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO," THE PICTURE MADE FROM RACHEL FIELD'S NOVEL



Photograph by Bert Siz, Warner Brothers

have to disband the "Penguins" and take off their uniforms for the last time. It was as near belonging to a girl's organization as many movie children ever get, and they cherished every moment of it.

In *The Women*, Virginia played Norma Shearer's daughter, the only rôle for a child in the picture. In spite of a relatively small part and competition from half-a-dozen top flight actresses, Virginia, as little Mary, did an outstanding job and was given much praise by the reviewers.

As a reward, she was given her first starring rôle, in a picture called *Bad Little Angel*. Her supporting cast included Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter, and Gene Reynolds (the boy you saw with Jascha Heifetz in *Music School*). It was just a "B" picture, one of the "also-ran" sort that are filmed for double-feature bills, but if you've seen it you'll agree that Virginia did a fine piece of acting.

Following this, she was cast with Mickey Rooney in *Young Tom Edison*. Mickey played the boy Edison, while Virginia played his sympathetic young sister, Tannie. It is a big part, and one which gives the young actress a chance to make use of her exceptional talents. If you haven't seen this fine picture yet, I know you won't want to miss it



TOP CENTER: VIRGINIA, AS PATSY IN "BAD LITTLE ANGEL," STIRS A KETTLE OF SOUP WITH ABSORBED ATTENTION

LEFT: A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY SONGFEST—WITH MICKEY ROONEY AND VIRGINIA WEIDLER AS TOM AND TANNIE EDISON, AND FAY BAINTER AND GEORGE BANCROFT AS THEIR PARENTS, IN THE MOTION PICTURE, "YOUNG TOM EDISON"

LEFT, BELOW: VIRGINIA SHOWS ANDY HARDY A THING OR TWO ABOUT HORSE-BACK RIDING IN "OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS." HERE SHE IS WITH JUDGE HARDY, PLAYED BY LEWIS STONE, AND MICKEY ROONEY, AS ANDY HARDY, LOOKING MIGHTY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF IN DUDE-RANCH WESTERN REGALIA



when it comes to your local theater.

As soon as she finished her work in *Young Tom Edison*, Virginia went to another Studio and began work with Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in the picture version of Rachel Field's novel, *All This and Heaven, Too*—and when that is completed, there will be other important pictures waiting for her. For when a child actress is as experienced and as talented as Virginia, she finds herself in demand by motion picture producers.

"But isn't she spoiled?" some one may ask. "Always being in demand for pictures, working with famous persons, having people beg her for autographs, seeing her pictures in newspapers and magazines and on theater billboards?"

The funny thing is that Virginia isn't spoiled—or, perhaps, considering her family, it isn't to be wondered at. For at home she is just one of six normal, happy children, (Continued on page 41)



By

HELEN DIEHL OLD

FAIR WAY TO A JOB

Illustrated by
CORINNE
MALVERN

The gate attendant smiled at the trio. Everyone did. The twins, in striped Basque shirts and shorts, were so much alike they looked like double exposures.

Out blared the amplified music. It was so gay that Cyn's worries began to melt. Of course she could manage the twins! It was only for two weeks, anyway—and perhaps after that, she could find a job in photography.

The boys were consulting a map clipped from the newspaper, deciding what to see first.

"The electrified farm!" Buck wanted to be a farmer, or a baseball player, when he grew up.

"The Hall of Man. That'll be int'rsting!" Tommy wanted to be a doctor, or an aviator.

"Farms!" Out went Buck's fist, and Tom had to fight back.

Cynthia tried to separate them. "Stop it, Buck! Stop it, Tommy!"

They paid no attention. Helpless, she zipped open her pocketbook for a dime to telephone her resignation to their mother. She never should have undertaken such a job, anyway, she told herself bitterly.

"Hey, you kids, what's going on here?" demanded a male voice, stern but with an unmistakable Southern drawl.

Cynthia turned. A motor-chair car, propelled by a youthful guide, had slid up to her charges, and the driver was now getting out. He grabbed the boys, holding them apart by the back of their Basque shirts.

The twins looked up into his face. The guide was good-looking in his uniform of dark-blue coat, gray trousers, and sun helmet. There was something puzzlingly familiar about him, to Cynthia. He looked—could it be?

"Ohmigosh! It's a nofficer!" came Tom's awed whisper. Buck tried to salute. "We were just fighting for fun!"

CYNTHIA DAY piloted her two young charges through the turnstile and into the blaze of sun and glory and flags that was the World's Fair. In her white linen suit, large-brimmed hat, and sun glasses, and with her camera in her shoulder-strap bag, she was sure she looked the perfect picture of a young photographer on a scorching hot day.

IN HER SURPRISE
CYNTHIA WHIPPED
OFF THE BIG HAT
AND REMOVED HER
DARK GLASSES



The shortest distance between two points is supposed to be a straight line, but Cynthia reached her goal by a roundabout route through the New York's World's Fair

"Well, your mother didn't seem to think it was fun."

Mother! Was he blind, or just dumb? In her surprise, Cyn whipped off the big shade hat from her yellow curls and tweaked off the dark glasses that hid her eyes. Now she could see him better, and she opened her mouth in astonishment. "Why, Derwood Blair!" she exclaimed.

"Great day in the morning!" said the youth at the same moment. "I sure am glad to see you. Carlton Day's kid sister, all grown-up and everything. It's been quite a while, Cyn. How are you?"

"Just fine!" Cyn couldn't offer her hand, for he was still holding the boys apart. Instead she smiled her greeting. Derwood, her brother's pal, had fairly camped at their home until he left to go 'up North' to a university. She hadn't seen him for nearly two years. "Imagine us meeting here! How've you been, Derwood?"

"Fine, too. Carl gave me your address—some girls' club in New York, isn't it?—but I never got around to looking you up. Still thought of you as a high school soph, I reckon.

Say, you kids," he demanded of the boys, "do you aim to behave, or don't you?"

At their meek, "yes, sirs" he released them and started back to his chair. "I have to mosey along. I've only twenty minutes to get from one kiosk to the next, and I'm supposed to catch a ride—a passenger," he explained at her questioning look. "Walk alongside me, can't you, and tell me all the home town news? By the way, where'd you get these young 'uns?"

"They're the Pierce twins," Cynthia said, as she and the boys walked by the empty chair. "Molly Pierce is their mother. She's that Fifth Avenue photographer of children, you know. I've been to see her several times about a photography job. I'm crazy to get one, for if I do, I can stay on up North, the family says. Well, I showed her my samples and I had some beautiful ones—bribed the kids in Central Park to pose and took pictures of the babies of the alumnae at the club. Molly Pierce seemed to like them, but she wouldn't hire me." Cyn had to raise her voice to be heard above the music that suddenly blared out from the scroll-like amplifiers, on one side. On the other side, a sight-seeing bus, like a giant caterpillar, was going by, its horn tooting tunelessly, "Boys and girls together—"

"What was the matter?" Derwood shouted back.

"She said her business really was good, that she could use an enthusiastic helper like me—her very words!—while her husband's out West recuperating from an illness, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, I don't believe she meant to tell me the real reason, but she did. Her aunt, Agatha Pierce, is financing the studio. You've heard of her, of course."

"Never," Derwood declared.

"Why, she was one of the first women in photography!" Cynthia had forgotten that everyone wasn't as keen about the profession of photography as she was. "Molly Pierce says she's kept up with the times, too. I didn't get to meet the aunt, just left my samples—but I think it was Aunt Agatha who turned me down. Molly Pierce herself seemed to like both me and my samples!"

"That sure was tough luck," sympathized Derwood.

"But then, just as I got to the door to leave, Molly Pierce called me back and said, 'You've just said you'd take any kind of a job to stay on in New York. Did you mean it?' I remembered all the great men who'd snatched any job, so I said, 'yes' and this—" she indicated the twins—"is the job!"

"Bringing 'em to the Fair?"

"Yes, every day for fourteen days! Their housekeeper wanted a vacation, and Mrs. Pierce wanted the boys to see the Fair, but she hadn't time to take 'em herself."

"That Pierce woman's not the only photographer in New York," Derwood remarked. "Try the others, after this job is over."

"I tried them first!" wailed Cyn. "No one wants a girl assistant. But I mustn't blame Molly Pierce. It's not her fault. It's that old aunt."

"If you could just see this Miss Agatha, I bet you'd win her over. What's she like, boys—your aunt?"

"Great-Aunt Agatha? Oh, she's all right. She's got a chauffeur," stated Buck.

Tom cracked his bubble gum, reflectively. "She's been sick, too."

"Not much to go on," admitted Derwood. "Look here, I'll be through at five. Can't we all eat dinner together—say at the Y. M. C. A. cafeteria—and stick around for the Lagoon fountains?"

"Dinner's okay, but the fountains are out. Have to take the boys right back to New York after we eat."

They were nearing a red-and-blue kiosk. "Yonder's the captain! See you at five o'clock on the Y terrace," Derwood said out of the side of his mouth. Then, in his best chair guide manner, he went on, "Straight that way, ma'am, and you'll come to the Theme Center. Then over the Bridge of Wings to the Railroads."

He was putting on an act for the benefit of the uniformed man standing in the kiosk. Cynthia, taking her cue, thanked Derwood politely and walked on.

Of all the thousands of visitors rung up on the giant cash register, no one ever saw the Fair quite so completely as Cynthia and the twins. They were on hand every morning when the gates opened. They visited all the exhibits—Italia,

with its cascade of water; the Japanese temple; the Magna Charta in the British pavilion; the trout stream in Maine; the caves in Missouri! They listened to the big horn played at Switzerland, and the carillon at Florida. They saw the Perisphere and Trylon, white in the noon sunshine, rosy pink at sunset. Cyn often wondered how they looked at night.

Every morning they had a stroll beside Derwood's chair, and every evening the quartet ate and chatted together. Cynthia and Derwood shared their letters from home. They saved up amusing bits about their jobs to tell each other.

Derwood liked his job, said it was as good as living at Times Square—sooner or later everyone you knew came along. Cyn wasn't so sure about her job. The twins had been a handful. There had been the time Tommy was missing for hours and they'd found him in the Lost Children's playground; and once Buck fell or jumped—into the Lagoon!

At first, Cyn had tried to photograph the twins, but they were so active that she resorted to taking pictures of the statues. They were model subjects, she told Derwood; they never got tired of posing and held so still.

She had been asking herself—why hadn't any studio to which she had applied hired her? Weren't her samples good enough? She studied the many photographic displays at the Fair, and decided that her samples *were* good, but too posed-looking.

Perhaps she could make some better ones. Every afternoon she had the boys rest, and in this quiet hour, she again tried to photograph them. She began to tell them tales of the Texas prairies, the wild cattle, and the pony she'd had when she was their age. But Buck and Tom, radio-bred, were not interested. Finally she hit upon the idea of bringing a daily surprise, and in return the boys consented to pose.

She took pictures of all their activities; drawing on each other's sweat shirts; playing marbles, mumblety-peg; and once she had them empty their pockets and snapped them examining the contents. Perhaps a child's magazine would buy the series. Though, of course, a steady job—not just free lance work—was what she wanted.

The days clicked by. If she didn't find another job, she'd have to go back to Texas, after all. It would be twice as hard now that she and Derwood had become such pals.

After days of soaring temperature, the thermometer nose-dived, and a breeze swept across the grounds to meet them as they came down the ramps from the station. Derwood would use the blanket for the chair car passengers to-day.

The day was spent like the others—wandering in and out of the buildings, staying in this one a long time because Tom wanted to, and in that one because Buck was interested. When their quiet hour arrived, they were at the gardens she had discovered in the foreign zone. This spot was away from the crowds that jostled her camera until it was almost impossible to get a picture. The boys sprawled on a bench, and Cyn set up her tripod. The sun was behind the boys' backs. Photographing into the sun gave a wonderful, soft-focus effect, but, of course, you had to shield the lens to keep the glare from striking it. That's where this big hat came in handy.

"What's the surprise to-day?" the twins demanded.

"Buck's turn first." Cyn had resorted to a knitting bag to hold supplies, and from it now she brought out a baseball. Derwood had managed to get one of the big league players who was making a speech at the Court of Sports to autograph it, the day before.

"For me? Ohmigosh!" Buck jumped completely out of focus. "Is that really Lefty Merrick's autograph?"

"It sure is! Now, put on your baseball cap." Cyn handed it to him from the bag. "Be looking at that signature. Right nice, isn't it? Pretend Tom is one of your pals at school. Show him the ball. What would you tell him?"

"Why, I'd just say, 'Look here, Buddy, if you want to see something neat. Lefty himself (Continued on page 38)

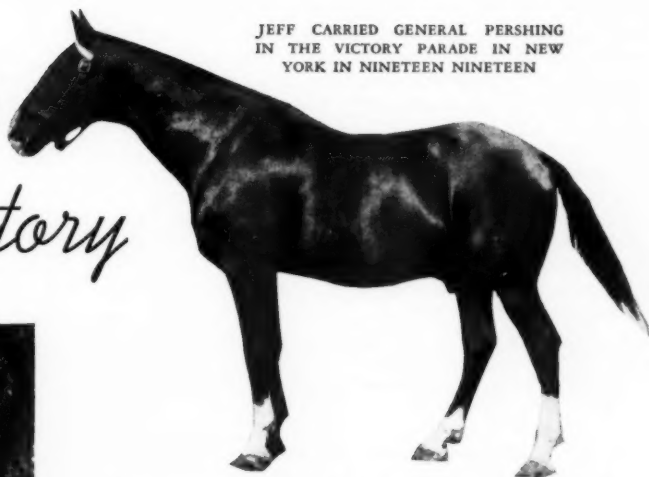


BEGUILING THE TWINS WITH SURPRISES, CYNTHIA PERSUADED THEM TO POSE FOR PICTURES

HOOFPRINTS

in History

JEFF CARRIED GENERAL PERSHING
IN THE VICTORY PARADE IN NEW
YORK IN NINETEEN NINETEEN



Photographs of Jeff and Skipper by courtesy of Front Royal, Va., Quartermaster Depot

SKIPPER, A BAY GELDING, SERVED IN THE LAST WORLD WAR. HE WAS RIDDEN BY COLONEL ERIC FISHER WOOD, A MEMBER OF GENERAL PERSHING'S STAFF IN FRANCE

JEFF, "Kidron," and "Skipper," three horses—makers of history all—now occupy what Colonel Whitside describes as "a suite of rooms in one of our stables at Front Royal, Virginia." "Jeff" and "Kidron" are the steeds of General Pershing. "Skipper" saw active service in France during the last World War. There are not so many of these makers of history living now, yet the story of America can be traced by the hoofprints of their ancestors. Without horses, our history would be quite different.

From the plains of Andalusia came the first horses to the New World, many of them tied, it is thought, on the open decks. When the ships were becalmed and there was little drinking water left, many horses were thrown into the sea, and from this comes the phrase "Horse Latitudes." Even before land was reached, therefore, the horse was on the Western map.

"The Muleteer" and "Bob-tailed" were two of the sixteen horses brought by Cortez to the American mainland. Besides these sixteen, there was a colt born on shipboard. It was the sight of snorting, rearing steeds with men in armor on their backs which terrified the Aztecs, and made the conquest of Mexico and the establishment of Spain easy to accomplish.

The men, the Indians said, were gods—and so, it seemed, were their horses. The black horse, "Morcilla," which Cortez rode into Honduras, was injured during that journey and of necessity left with the Indians. Nearly a hundred years later some Spanish friars who came among these same Indians discovered, to their horror, a stone statue of "Morcilla," decorated with garlands and with offerings spread before it.

Probably Ponce de Leon brought horses with him to Florida, but as his stay there was brief, they may not even have

The history of America can be read from the hoofprints of the horses—first brought here by the Spaniards—and their descendants, true friends of man in settling this vast country

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

been unloaded from the ships. The first horses which are known to have been on this continent came with a Spaniard named Narvaez. He and his followers waited in vain for a boat to meet them on the coast of Florida, but finally they knew they had been abandoned. They were obliged to kill their horses, one by one, for food, the Indians harassed them, and they knew they must speedily leave the inhospitable shores. So they fashioned boats from the trees, used the skins of the slain horses for sails, the hair from their manes



JUSTIN MORGAN, FROM WHOM ALL THE MORGAN HORSES ARE DESCENDED. A STATUE IN MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

Photograph by courtesy of Olive Dean

and tails for ropes. They even contrived water bottles from the skins taken without splitting from the horses' legs. Dried horse meat was prepared for provisions.

Thus equipped by their steeds, these brave men started westward across the waters of the Gulf, hoping to reach the Spaniards who had settled in Mexico. As they sailed forth, they named the bay where they had fashioned their crude boats "Bahía de Caballos," the Bay of Horses. Later De Soto and his men were to come upon that bay and to see on its shores the signs of occupation by their countrymen, and the white skeletons of their horses.

The boats made by the followers of Narvaez were shipwrecked on the coast of what is now Texas, but four men finally made their way across the continent on foot. At last, their clothing in rags, they saw hoofprints on the earth and met a band of horsemen, Spaniards from Mexico, out hunting to the north.

These Spaniards, who had known horses at the beginning and the end of their journey, told of rich cities of which they had heard in the northern land. The tales filtered from one to another, and finally two expeditions set forth to find these cities. One was headed by Coronado, wearing armor that shone like gold and riding a horse which likewise wore shining armor. He and his men, riding gaily caparisoned horses, plunged into the northern continent from Mexico.

At about the same time Hernando De Soto, riding his favorite mount, "Aceituno," which he had brought with him from Spain, entered Florida with many men and horses. This was De Soto's second expedition to the New World, and his second famous mount. The first, a white horse, he had ridden into the presence of the Inca of Peru, and caused it to "dance" before him. As in Mexico, the sight of the horses, and of this dancing horse in particular, had struck both fear and admiration into the hearts of the Peruvian Indians.

De Soto declared that the best horse in the Florida expedition was a chestnut, the property of a youngster in his company, Gonzalo Silvestre. That chestnut and a bay belonging to another lad were to make a perilous journey through the swamps of Florida, near the burning campfires of hostile Indians, in order to bring word to the main body of the Spaniards that the advance guard was in desperate need of food. The ride ended in a shower of arrows, but the boys and their horses managed to get through.

The horses of Coronado and those of De Soto bore their masters inland, until there came a day when the two groups were but a few days' ride from each other. But this fact neither knew. Coronado was accidentally injured by a horse's hoof which struck him in the temple as he fell from his own mount. Ill and discouraged, he returned soon after to Mexico.

De Soto's favorite horse, "Aceituno," found a grave in the north; De Soto, too, died and the remaining horses were ridden back and forth over his grave to hide traces of his

RIGHT: AMERICAN CAV-
ALRY TROOPS HUDDLE
OVER A CAMPFIRE IN A
DRIZZLING RAIN WHILE
THEIR HORSES WAIT PA-
TIENTLY TO MOVE ON

"A Rainy Day in Camp" from
a painting by Winslow Homer,
courtesy of the Metropolitan
Museum of Art, New York City

BELOW: A REST FOR MEN
AND HORSES DURING A
"SCOUTING PARTY" IN THE
EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST

From a painting by William
T. Ranney, reproduced by
courtesy of Claude J. Ranney



"American Frontier Life" from a painting by A. F. Tait. By courtesy of the Whitney Collection of Sporting Arts, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut



CENTER BELOW: HORSES WERE A COMMON SIGHT ON EVERY CITY STREET AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

"Forty-Third Street, West of Ninth Avenue, New York" from a painting by Louis Maurer. Photograph by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

CENTER, FOOT OF PAGE: WESTWARD-MOVING SETTLERS IN THEIR CONESTOGA WAGONS FORDING A RIVER ON THEIR JOURNEY

"Emigrant Train" from a painting by Samuel Colman, lent by Hull Park McCullough. Photograph by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

burial from the Indians. Then, fearing that after all the red men might discover the grave, the followers of De Soto disinterred his body and buried it in the waters of the Mississippi.

The men of both expeditions departed from the northern land, but some of their horses remained, horses which had strayed, or had been abandoned. These horses gradually found one another and, at last, bands of these Spanish horses roamed the Southwest. It can be said truthfully enough that the horses from Spain were the first Europeans to settle in the North American continent. The Indians learned how to catch these wild horses, and delighted in such a valuable acquisition. Indians on horseback were to play an important part later in harassing the advance of the white man westward.

As Englishmen followed Spaniards in setting foot upon the northland, so English horses, too, were brought to our shores. They came soon after the establishment of Jamestown and Plymouth. There were horses from the Netherlands, also, in the New Netherlands, and the Swedish settlers in New Jersey brought horses from Sweden, while the French in Canada at a later date brought in a few horses. Since the Frenchmen used the waterways, however, to a great extent and soon became adept at handling Indian canoes, they did not feel the need of many horses so soon as the other colonists.

Perhaps no colonists along the eastern shores valued their horses more than the settlers of Pennsylvania did. To William Penn they owed, in a large measure, this appreciation. Penn brought to Pennsylvania a splendid horse, "Tamerlane," sired by "Godolphin Barb." "Godolphin Barb," it was claimed, was descended from one of the Flemish horses brought to England by William the Conqueror. That particular type of horse had been chosen by the Normans because it was the only breed strong enough to carry a man in full armor. In America the knight's charger was to be used to develop a continent.

These horses were dappled-gray, usually with waving manes and tails. A special wagon was fashioned for them, which later became known as the "Conestoga wagon," from the place where it was manufactured. The word is an Indian one, meaning "the place of muddy water," but the Conestoga wagons were seldom mired. The wagon body was usually painted bright blue, the sideboards were red, and a great canvas top was stretched over hickory bows to cover the load. The wheels were large and broad, and such wagons could go over very rough roads without being overturned. Teams of six, eight, or more horses drew them, wearing bows of tinkling bells arched high over their collars. These teams now took the place of the pack horses which the traders had formerly used in bringing loads of furs secured from the Indians to the eastern coasts, and in carrying supplies back to be traded for furs.

Now people could dwell on the (Continued on page 48)



"Washington at Mount Vernon, 1797" from a lithograph by M. Currier. Photograph by courtesy of L. C. Handy Studios, Washington, D. C.

PEEK-A-BOO! *by*

MARY AVERY GLEN

IT WAS a 'phone call from Sally Burke, Aunt Marcia," Phyllis Merriam reported, rejoining her aunt and her sister Meg on the balcony porch. Below them stretched the back garden, steeping in summer sunshine and fragrant with petunia and phlox. "She wants to come up on the bus to-day and stay overnight. Her father and mother have to go away somewhere. I didn't get it all, exactly—somebody's sick, I think. They're taking her little brother, and that'll leave Sally alone. She'll get here in time for lunch. It was all right for me to say yes, wasn't it?"

"Certainly, dear." Aunt Marcia was intent on retrieving a dropped stitch in her knitting. "We can't desert Sally in her hour of need."

"And there's one thing more." Phyl hesitated. "She says she has to bring Dodo."

At this Aunt Marcia looked up and gave the matter full attention. "Oh, Phyl! You don't mean her little Pekingese? But what about our own dog? You remember last time he nearly chewed up the Peke."

"I promised her we'd shut Duke up."

"Well, we'll manage somehow," Aunt Marcia comforted. "We'll have to shut him in the cellar, I guess. Poor fellow, it'll be a long ordeal for him. But maybe Angie Stebbins'll take him over next door with her for a while. She's crazy about Duke. I hate to have him spend much time with Angie,

Trouble always seemed to tag Dilsey's footsteps, but rarely with greater success than the day Sally Burke brought her Pekingese on a visit to Phyl and Meg Merriam

though. She indulges him to so many cookies and rich food."

"Why don't we ask Dilsey to come over for lunch?" Meg suggested. "She's always a barrel of fun. And then we can decide what to do this afternoon. Dill has splendid ideas."

"Yes, ask Dilsey by all means," agreed Aunt Marcia.

"You 'phone her, Meg," Phyl said, hunting for the garden scissors. "I'm going down to cut some flowers for the table."

The two guests arrived almost simultaneously, in time for one o'clock lunch. Sally was carrying her overnight bag in one hand and, in the other arm, Dodo, a noseless, inert little confection, with an oversized cherry satin bow tied behind his ears.

"I thought I never would catch that early bus," Sally complained, depositing Dodo in a slip-covered chair. "And my ittsy bittsy boy didn't help his mittie one bit. He barked at his mittie when she combed his hair." At a sudden high, vengeful wail from beneath her feet, she looked up in alarm. "Where's Duke?" she demanded abruptly, gathering her treasure again in her arms.

Phyl hastened to reassure her. "In the cellar. Shut up. He can't get out." But both the Merriams knew from that heartfelt howl that Duke had sensed the presence of the Pekingese in the parlor above him.

"May I hold Dodo, Sally?" cried Dilsey. She was enraptured with the Peke. Perhaps the consciousness of her



DILSEY SLID DODO GENTLY FROM UNDER SALLY'S ARM

own long legs, awkward elbows, and carrotty hair made the fragile daintiness of the little dog particularly appealing. She took him from Sally, a silky morsel, crooning in delight as she pressed the little body against her cheek. "Mmmmm! Little doodlebug! Oh, girls, what wouldn't I give to have a little dog like that! But Mother won't let me have any pets. I'm too absent-minded."

In Phyl's room Dilsey romped with Dodo hilariously while Sally powdered her nose, so hilariously that his mistress fidgeted and looked across at her pet nervously. "You're musing him all up, Dilsey!"

In the sunny basement dining room Sally retrieved her little dog, patted his rumpled ribbon into shape, and held him on her lap during the meal, his goggle eyes just visible above the table's edge as he delicately licked a cracker crumb from her fingers.

Lobelia, the colored maid, was bringing in the dessert plates when Aunt Marcia offered a happy suggestion. "You were wondering what to do after lunch, children. Suppose we take the car and go for a drive, it's such a lovely day. Dilsey, too, of course. And when we see a pretty spot, let's stop and have our supper out-of-doors. It's Lobelia's afternoon off, and a picnic would be a lot more fun than getting our own dinner here at home. We could let Duke out in the garden while we're gone, too. How about it?"



FOR A COUNTRY BOY, STAN WAS SINGULARLY UNIMPRESSED. "NO, WE DON'T CARRY LAMBS' TONGUES," HE SAID SHORTLY TO SALLY BURKE

Illustrated by ROBB BEEBE

There was an immediate chorus of approval around the table.

"Well, then, some of you youngsters will have to run down town and lay in supplies. You always have a favorite food, Sally. What is it this season?"

"Pickled lambs' tongues and candied kumquats," Sally answered promptly.

Aunt Marcia laughed. "You could try for the pickled lambs' tongues, Phyl. They wouldn't be bad on those plain soft rolls. If Mr. Doyle doesn't keep them at the grocery store, they might have them at the delicatessen. And if not, get regular sliced tongue. We'll need plenty of cookies, too, a bottle of olives, and a jar of that nice cherry jam. I'm afraid kumquats are a little too sophisticated for Martins-town."

"Candied lambs' tongues and pickled kumquats," Meg warbled. "Whew! Sounds like the man who always had salt mackerel and an ice cream soda for his breakfast!"

"Now, Dilsey, how about you?" Aunt Marcia turned to their other guest. "What's your specialty?"

"Oh, don't bother about me, Aunt Marcia," Dilsey was snapping her fingers at Dodo across the table. "I like everything, except maybe birds' nest soup. And I suppose I'd like that, if I ever got to taste it."

"Let's all go downtown together, the whole push of us," Phyl cried happily. "We'll see Stan at the grocery store, won't we, Dill?"

At her question, Dilsey clapped both hands to her mouth. "Oh, gosh, girls, I forgot something!" Her hazel-green eyes looked wild. "I promised to make Stan a chocolate cake to-day, for his supper. He carried a lot of heavy things up to the garret for me. I meant to make it this morning and now I can't make it this afternoon, either, because of the picnic. I'd better call him at the store right away." She rose from her seat. "Excuse me, Aunt Marcia. May I use the phone?"

"You can call him on the extension down here, Dill," Phyl nodded at the telephone on the broad window sill.

Dilsey dialed a number. "Hello, Stan!" There was a quaver in her voice. "This is Dill. No, not Bill, Dill! Will it be all right if I make the chocolate cake to-morrow instead of to-day? I meant to do it this afternoon, but Aunt Marcia's invited me to a picnic, so I can't. . . . Well, I *was* going to make it this morning, but I sort of forgot. . . . Yes, I know I promised. And I'm *not* an Indian-giver! I told you I'd make it to-morrow. To-morrow morning. . . . Well, I can't stay home from a picnic, can I? . . . Well, all right, Stan. I promise. 'By!' Turning from the phone, she sighed, "He's awfully mad at me. He says I always forget everything."

"So mad you can't go down to the store?" Meg quizzed.

"Oh, no, not that mad. Stan's always mad at me for something, anyway. But I guess I usually deserve it, I'm so careless."

Long-legged Stanley Mercer, undeniably attractive in spite of a thatch of flaming hair and a freckled nose like his sister Dilsey's, had taken a job for the summer with Mr. Doyle at the grocery store. He was going to college in the autumn and, though his father, a successful lawyer, was able to provide for his only son's education, Stan was determined, in so far as possible, to help himself. He not only

waited on customers, but posted the grocery books in the makeshift office, partitioned off at the rear of the store by the big ice box for butter and cheese.

When the foursome, Dodo in their midst, entered his place of business, Stan's bicycle leaned at the door, propped against an open box of laundry soap. Inside the store he was evidently in charge, as there was no one else on the premises except a younger boy who was awkwardly unheading a barrel of apples with hammer and screw driver.

Stanley was not too pleased to see his visitors. He had intended to deal severely with his sister that evening at home, and it was disconcerting to meet her flanked with a bodyguard of their mutual friends. He greeted Phyl and Meg with offhand camaraderie, but a spark in his eye told Dilsey that, between them, the matter of the chocolate cake was still unsettled.

"Do you know Stan, Sally?" Phyl introduced. "I don't believe you do. He was off camping when you were here last summer."

No thrill in Sally's life ever touched the moment of meeting a new boy, and now she turned a veritable barage of glamour upon Dilsey's brother.

But for a country boy Stan was singularly unimpressed by the dazzling onslaught. "No, we don't carry lambs' tongues," he said shortly, as Sally amplified Phyl's request with an exaggerated statement of her own preference. "Kumquats? I never heard of 'em."

Meantime Dilsey had availed herself of Sally's preoccupation to slide Dodo gently from under his mistress's arm. She

held the little dog against her cheek and, though knowing herself in disgrace, took advantage of her kinship to the management to wander around behind the counter. She called Dodo's attention to the bright labels on the canned goods and, becoming interested herself and, as usual, oblivious, allowed him to sniff at a large cheese temporarily unprotected on a shelf. Out of a corner of his eye Stan watched her with disapproval, but in deference to her companions held his peace. He was glad Mr. Doyle was not in. Nothing annoyed Mr. Doyle more than to have dogs brought into the store, and to introduce one behind the counter would have been nothing short of heinous.

Dilsey wandered aimlessly on, rounding the corner of the ice box, and into Mr. Doyle's little office at the rear. Between two small windows, which commanded a back yard littered with crates and barrels, stood a large old-fashioned safe, its heavy doors wide open. It was stuffed untidily with books and papers, but one big compartment at the side, with a moth-eaten lining of purple velvet, was empty.

"How'd you like to play in there, little skeezicks?" she crooned, rubbing her cheek against the little dog's back. Then she kissed him on the head, and popped him into the velvet-lined compartment. "There! Now you're in the dog house, too!" Grasping the safe doors by the handles, she drew them nearly together, parting them again quickly. "Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo!"

In the store outside the other girls were discussing the respective merits of chocolate and cocoanut cookies, and Stanley turned from them to wait on a middle-aged customer who had just come in. "Yes, this is our best coffee, Mrs. Gaston," he was saying politely when, from his point of vantage behind the counter, his glance lighted on his sister in Mr. Doyle's office. "Don't monkey with that safe, Dilsey!" he interrupted himself to call peremptorily.

But Dilsey paid no heed. "Little cunning!" she cried ecstatically to the Peke, swinging the doors of the safe forward. "Peek-a-boo!"

And then—it happened! The steel handles, carelessly held, slipped from her grasp, and the heavy doors banged shut. She tried to pull them open, but they resisted. Startled, she twisted the handles, but that seemed to close the doors even more tightly.

"Maybe this plate on the front'll open it!" She seized the knob of the metal dial and turned it back and forth. She could hear a faint whine from Dodo, buried deep behind the mass of steel, afraid of the dark.

Dilsey was alarmed now, but to ask help from her brother under the circumstances was painful. However, it would have to be done. "Oh, Stan!" she called at last, striving to

make her tone casual. "How do you open this thing, anyway?"

"Open what?" Mrs. Gaston had left the store with her parcels, and Stan strode into the office. "You don't mean you've shut the safe! You didn't turn the dial, did you?"

"I didn't mean to shut it," Dilsey confessed humbly. "The doors kind of slipped out of (Continued on page 31)

DILSEY PEDALLED AT TOP SPEED, HER WHOLE SOUL STRAINING TO REACH THE RAILROAD STATION BEFORE THE TRAIN SHOULD LEAVE



JOHN BARTRAM'S *Secret* GARDEN



What Audubon was to the birds of America, Bartram was to its plants. You'll enjoy this account of the career of our country's first great botanist by

**RUPERT SARGENT
HOLLAND**

THE Indians of western Virginia were becoming accustomed to the sight of white men by the middle of the eighteenth century, and the various tribes that had long fought one another were joining forces to keep the strangers from occupying their land. Many a band of pioneers, crossing the mountains from eastern Virginia or Pennsylvania, became the target for arrow and tomahawk. There was one white man, however, who often rode through that lonely country by himself without fear of being molested by any unfriendly Indian.

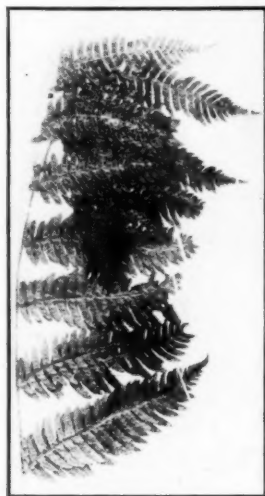
He was a slender man of medium height, with a smiling eye and a friendly greeting for everyone he met. From his saddlebags he would take a flower, or some blossoming plant, and display it with as much pride as if it were the pelt of a prize bear or beaver. He was quite unlike any other white man the Indians had seen; he had not come into their country, it appeared, to settle there, or hunt, or trap—all he wanted was to search for wild flowers and shrubs. Such a stranger aroused the interest of the Indians, and when he had shown them the treasures in his saddlebags, they would point out the trails to flower-filled valleys in the neighboring mountains.

Following such a trail one day, this white man, John Bartram, rode through a gap in the Appalachians and came upon the most beautiful natural garden he had found in any of his travels. In the bowl made by the green slopes a variety of flowers bloomed in profusion. When he had dismounted and explored, he found the meadow filled with Cyclamen, Trillium, and Calycanthus, and ringed about with the silver-bell tree and the fringe tree.

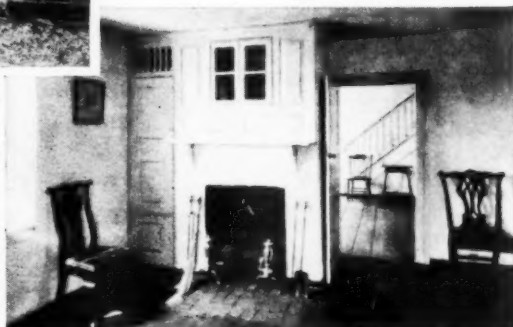
In that valley were neither Indians nor white men, and none came during the days Bartram camped there. He felt as if he had discovered the original Garden of Eden, a place no other man had ever seen. He studied the plants in their native soil, and lifted some by their roots to add to his collec-



TOP: JOHN BARTRAM'S HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA, BUILT WITH HIS OWN HANDS IN 1731. THE GARDEN, FAMOUS EVEN BEFORE THE REVOLUTION, WAS VISITED BY WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, AND FRANKLIN. THE PICTURE AT LEFT SHOWS A DETAIL OF THE STONE CARVING ABOVE THE EAST WINDOW, AND BELOW ARE THE LIVING ROOM AND THE HALL



A FERN SPECIMEN PRESSED AND MOUNTED BY JOHN BARTRAM, WHO INSCRIBED IT AS FOLLOWS: "THIS VARIEGATED FERN I FOUND IN YE COUNTRY OF YE 5 NATIONS ON FLAT MOIST GROUND"



tion. When he rode away from the valley, he promised himself that he would return every year.

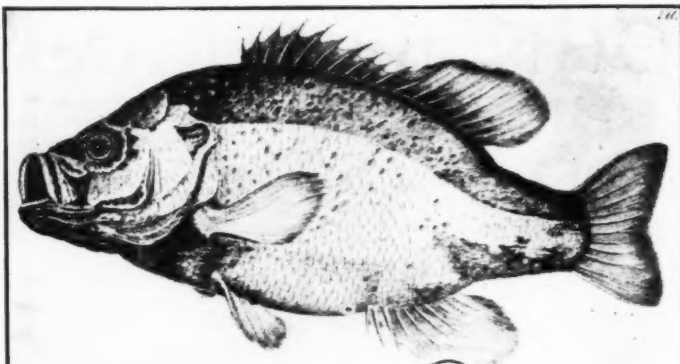
Some of those flowers John Bartram planted in his garden on the Schuylkill River near Philadelphia, but he would never tell anyone where he had found them, and always spoke of their home in the Shenandoah Valley as "my valley," or as "my Vale of Kashmir." He revisited the beautiful place each summer, sending some of the plants gathered there to England, for he was American botanist to King George the Third; some to Queen Ulrica of Sweden; some to Linnæus, the father of modern botany, who called his friend Bartram "the greatest natural botanist in the world."

No scientist in the American colonies, except Bartram's friend and neighbor, Benjamin Franklin, was so well known in Europe at that time as this man who had been brought up to be a farmer and had only enjoyed the very elementary education that was provided in those days by a small country school.

According to his own story, he was plowing one summer day, in his twenty-sixth year, when his eye happened to fall

REPRODUCTIONS OF DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM BARTRAM, WHO FOLLOWED HIS FATHER'S CAREER AS BOTANIST. THE ORIGINALS ARE IN ENGLAND. AT RIGHT: YELLOW BREAM OR "OLD WIFE" OF EAST FLORIDA. "THIS IS A BOLD, RAVENOUS FISH," SAYS WILLIAM. "LIKE THE LEOPARD SECRETES HIMSELF IN SOME HOLE OR DARK RETREAT AND RUSHES OUT ON A SUDDEN, SNAPPING UP THE SMALLER FISH PASSING BY"

BELOW: AN AQUATIC PLANT OF EAST FLORIDA AND A LITTLE GREEN BITTERN, DRAWN IN A MOST LIFELIKE ATTITUDE AS THOUGH IT WERE JUST ABOUT TO POUNCE ON AN INSECT



on a daisy that had narrowly escaped being crushed by the foot of one of his horses. As he picked the flower, his thoughts ran thus: "What a shame that I should have been employed so many years in tilling the earth and destroying so many flowers and plants, without being acquainted with their structures and their uses."

Those thoughts were still in his mind when the bell rang for dinner. As he sat at the table, he told his wife that he had a great desire to devote his life to the study of plants. She argued with him, pointed out that he had only recently cleared a few acres in the wilderness and should give all his attention to cultivating his fields. For some days he wrestled with his desire, then hired a neighbor to do his plowing, rode

to Philadelphia, and seeking a bookseller, asked for some book that would teach him the history of plants. The only such book in the shop was a learned treatise on botany written in Latin, but Bartram, nothing daunted, bought it and also a Latin grammar to help him translate the work. When he reached home he began his study and continued each night by candlelight, unmindful of his neighbors' jokes, or his wife's reproaches for his extravagance and waste of time.

The farm must have been profitable, for five years later Bartram bought a tract of three hundred acres on the west bank of the Schuylkill River, in what is now West Philadelphia, made a clearing, and built—largely with his own hands—a house of hewn stone, in the gable of which he set a stone with the inscription in Greek: *MAY GOD SAVE JOHN AND ANN BARTRAM, 1731.*

There, in the meadows by the river where the Lenni-Lenape Indians had made their campfires on their annual journeys north and south, John Bartram laid out the first botanical garden in North America and began his collection of flowers, shrubs, and trees native to the New World from Canada to Florida.

It was not long before his work aroused interest in Philadelphia. James Logan, reputed to be the best educated man in the province, sent to England for a copy of Parkinson's *Herbal*, a manual of plants, which he said he "wanted to present to John Bartram, who was a person worthy of a heavier purse than fortune had yet allowed him, and had a genius perfectly well turned for botany." Another friend wrote of the new garden to Peter Collinson, a Quaker merchant of London, who spoke of Bartram to Lord Petre, a wealthy nobleman who wished to adorn his country home with foreign plants and birds and beasts. At Lord Petre's request, Bartram sent him some native American plants, the lady's-slipper, the May apple, the skunkweed; and the next ship brought him a letter saying that the skunkweed "hath put forth two noble blossoms, very beautiful," and also brought him a suit of clothes cut in the latest London fashion. What was much more to Bartram's liking, however, Lord Petre shortly sent him twenty guineas with a request for a pawpaw plant and a humming-bird's nest with eggs. With the money for that commission, he was able to set forth on a journey in search of new flowers and trees.

Bartram was to roam far on his later travels and find many rare and beautiful plants, but never was he more thrilled than on that first journey through the South. On his return he sent some of the treasures he had (Continued on page 48)

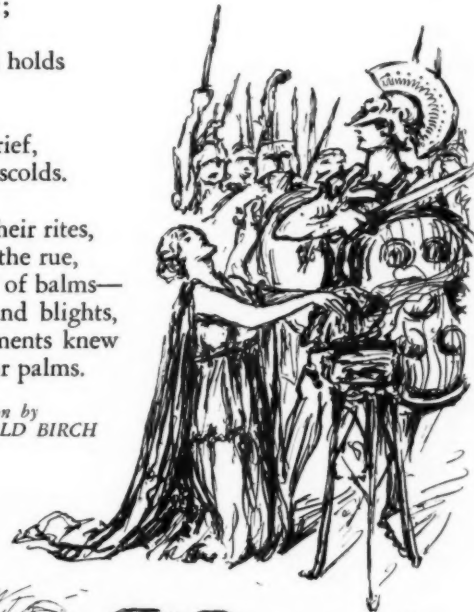


Dorothy Brown Thompson

In this herb garden, history unfolds
The lore of ages with each pungent leaf;
Here are no showy blossoms in a sheaf
Of color, yet each plant's completeness holds
A potency of use which subtly molds
Our feeling, as our fathers', to belief
In fabled simples which can frustrate grief,
Or waken love, or blunt the tongues of scolds.

Once priests of Thor used vervain for their rites,
Once Rome and Athens conjured with the rue,
Once monks in cloisters tried the worth of balms—
Forgotten now such potions, spells, and blights,
And those dark powers ancient parchments knew
Crumble with kitchen herbs between our palms.

Decoration by
REGINALD BIRCH



ELLEN *Unlaxes*

By CHARLES G. MULLER

ELLEN WAKEFIELD'S laughing brown eyes, famed for observing things that ordinary mortals overlook, sparkled as her dancing feet tapped out the phonograph's rhythm on the broad-board oak floor of Jabez Binney Lodge. Dressed in blue sailing dungarees, her short curly hair tousled from the violence of her steps, she was a colorful picture in the candlelight.

Round face flushed, Tank Beegle stopped the music. "Not bad at all!" he declared. "If you'd just limber up a little more, Ellen, you'd be practically perfect. Look!"

Tank shook himself so completely that waves seemed to undulate down his body from wide shoulders to slippered feet.

"Like that," he urged. "Come on now, Ellen! I'm going to make you relax, if it's the last act of my life."

Ears glued to a portable radio at the opposite end of the huge living room with its enormous Vermont stone chimney, Hedda Vaughn bobbed her Scandinavian blond head as she opened a hamper of Roman candles, cannon crackers, and colored flares. Beside her, Bilge Wyeth examined each fresh carton of fireworks with the eager curiosity of a baby opening a candy box. By the light of an old-fashioned kerosene lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Harrison were making a reasonably good attempt to read.

Between phonograph and radio, the Lodge, on this Fourth of July eve, was something just short of bedlam. But because it had been like this every evening after supper for nearly a week, no one noticed now.

"Tank says he and I stand a chance to win the tap-dancing cup at the Yacht Club's Mid-Summer Hop," Ellen had announced when the Fourth of July holiday party first arrived from Milbrook. "So if the rest of you don't mind, we'll practice a little."

"It'll be good for us to dance after riding horses in these hills and swimming in Four Mile Creek all day," Tank added. "Soothes tired muscles and—well, anyway, we'll grab off that cup if I can just get old Eagle-Eye here to unlax a little."

"I *am* unlaxed," Ellen protested.

"You're stiff as a poker."

"Listen, you two," Bilge Wyeth finally cut in, one long arm swinging the radio so that its aerial brought loudest volume, "go and argue in your own corner. I want to find out what's going on in the world."

Giving the phonograph a quick rewind and starting the needle on its track again, Tank turned to Ellen.

"This time I want you to shag," he ordered. "Shake yourself really loose."

Ellen shook. If she didn't exactly shake herself loose, at least she shook herself looser. And she might have achieved Tank's long-sought goal, bringing herself to a jellyfish limpness, if a knock on the door had not interrupted. For when Peggy Harrison's vibrant voice called, "Come in," Dave Bigelow entered—and, at sight of the old Vermonter, Ellen forgot shag and tap, both.

"Dave!" she cried, running to seize the hand of the tall, thin, white-haired scarecrow whose ancient clothes looked big enough for himself and a family of three.

"Good-evenin', folks," the old man drawled genially, Adam's apple rising and falling in his long throat like a glass globe on a shooting gallery's water fountain. "I was



TANK STIFF-ARMED HER SO THAT SHE COULD NOT REACH HIS HAIR

When Tank undertook the task of unlaxing Ellen, he found that he had inadvertently bitten off far more than he was prepared to chew

headin' home from a little fishin', and seein' lights in the cabin I jest stopped by."

Peggy Harrison nodded her dark head toward a chair at the long dining table. "I know you haven't had a thing to eat," she said firmly. "So drop your fish pole and rifle in a corner, Dave, and I'll get you something."

As Dave started to protest, Ellen gently pushed him into the chair. "Don't even try to object," she insisted. "We've got an ice box full of supper left-overs."

Dave Bigelow was a real character. He lived in a shed behind the Gilliam church, and he was a natural-born expert at hunting and fishing. But he did only enough of each to feed himself and his hound dog. Often he had to pawn his favorite harmonica with the local storekeeper to buy food on credit. It was an old story.

Glancing from Dave to Tank, Ellen found the boy's face a study. For when Tank had boasted, one Thanksgiving, that his rifle marksmanship would win the annual turkey shoot in the near-by town of Gilliam, Dave had upset his plans by shooting two perfect scores—and himself presenting the turkey to Ellen.

As she was fond of this old man whose intense eyes gave him a fine dignity, Ellen wanted Tank, too, to like him. "When you've had a bite to eat, Dave, will you get out your harmonica and give Tank and me a tune to dance by?" she asked. "We're practicing for an important contest, and I'm sure I could shake myself loose to *your* music."

In obvious embarrassment, the visitor's Adam's apple ran up and down his neck twice. "Well, now," he managed to gulp, "I ain't got my mouth organ with me. I—I left it in my other pants."

Ellen looked at him accusingly. "You mean you *pawned* it again."

"Well, now, you know I got a dog to feed, and—"

Behind Ellen roared a rifle shot, and she leaped from her chair—face white, body tense. Turning, she saw a broad grin spread over Tank Beegle's round countenance, and under her chair her sharp eyes sighted the remains of an exploded firecracker.

Heart pounding a mile a minute, she clenched her fists. "You—you—"

As Tank held up his hands to ward off Ellen's wrath, Bilge Wyeth's radio suddenly came to life.

"Flash. From the Radio News Bureau," called an announcer whose shrill voice made Ellen stiffen again. "Trigger Nash, member of the notorious Weyermann gang, escaped this afternoon from the Vermont State Penitentiary. Nash made his escape wired underneath an automobile driven through the prison gate in broad daylight by a trusty named Andrew Jacks. The car was later found abandoned near Gilliam, where Nash shot down a bank clerk in the robbery for which he was serving a life sentence. Short, dark, and speaking with a rasping voice, Nash is a killer of the most dangerous type."

"For further details, consult your daily newspaper. I now bring you the latest weather report for Northern New England. Warmer to-night and to-morrow, with fresh south to southwesterly winds—"

As Bilge switched off the radio, Ellen once more found herself taut as a piano wire. "You don't think," she said, her voice involuntarily rasping, "that he might come *here*?"

"Stop worrying!" Tank told her. "He's a city crook. By now he's probably stolen another car and is heading for the nearest big-town hide-out."

As Peggy Harrison set a laden tray before him, Dave Bigelow looked up at Ellen. "I'll sleep in the woodshed outside the Lodge to-night, Miss Wakefield," he said. "Sort of—er, stand guard."

Tank snorted. "Go on home, Dave. I've got my rifle. I'll put it over there in the corner—and I can take care of any bandit that comes around these diggin's."

Peggy Harrison shook her head. "Oh, no, Tank," she said emphatically. "If anybody points a gun at you, just let him have whatever it is he wants."

"Certainly," agreed Bilge Wyeth. "Those gunmen are

desperate criminals. You'd be out of your mind to battle 'em."

Hedda Vaughn was nodding full approval. "My ancestors are supposed to have been brave Vikings," she put in, "but I'll bet they wouldn't—"

A shot rang through the Lodge. This time Ellen screamed and jumped a foot. Then she turned, sharply—to see behind her the smoking remnants of another firecracker. Face white again, she reached for Tank Beegle's hair. But the boy stiff-armed her so that she could only clutch futile fingers in his mocking face.

"Better go to bed," he said soothingly, keeping just out of her infuriated reach. "At this rate you won't be first up in the morning for your dip in the creek. Wouldn't want to lose your record, would you?"

"I've always been first man in for a dip, and I'll be first in to-morrow, too. You—you—" Ellen sputtered. And with Tank enjoying this evidence of her smouldering wrath, she said good-night to the others, picked up a candlestick, and went upstairs.

Once before had she felt as she did now—that first winter she had visited the Lodge with the Harrisons. A queer something had taken hold of her then. So that, skating down Four Mile Creek to summon Dr. Holman to attend Peggy Harrison's broken arm, she had imagined herself pursued by the phantom of old Jabez Binney, dead a hundred years. It had been just such an eerie night as this—moon sending spectral shadows down the mountain sides, an uncanny quiet hanging overhead like a great blanket, and an ominous foreboding creeping over her to make her heart pound and her stomach feel as if she'd eaten lead and cement.

As she undressed in the tiny, green-tinted bedroom with its old-fashioned, second-floor dormer window, there was a slight easing of the tightness in her chest. And once under the lawn sheets that covered the maple bed—her flickering candle blown out—she began to lose the internal chill that gripped her. Why did certain nights up here in the Lodge have such a strange way of changing her from a naturally optimistic, brave person into a timid, shivering wretch afraid of moonlight shadows? Trying not to think, Ellen closed her eyes.

Her night was filled with fitful sleep. Weird dreams came and went. For years, it seemed, she chased after an elusive pirate—Galladow—whose portrait had hung on her bedroom wall at home. For more years, she floated in the ocean off Block Island, while her father's lovely sloop sank into the sea and she scanned the horizon for a Coast (Continued on page 37)



Illustrated by
HENRIETTA
McCAIG
STARRETT



HEDDA POURED A BUCKET OF ICY WATER OVER TANK'S PALE FACE



California Dusk

By ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG

When from the skies there comes no further sound
Of clarion crimsons held a note too long,
And golds whose fife-notes shatter on the ground
Fade into silence lovelier than song,
I feel the cool dusk, like a feathered wing,
Sweep down across my heart and know release
From too long bondage to the sun. I fling
Shackles of brightness from me. Here is peace!
And here is also what the weary hills
Have sought for eagerly the long day through—
Beauty that neither shrieks like brass nor shrills
Metallic flutes within a void of blue,
But quietly walks beneath the stars alone
Down aisles of shadow, arched and cool as stone.

Decoration by RICHARD BENNETT

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

Illustrated by EDWARD CASWELL

After the unexpected success of their outdoor performance, the Mallorys put their heads together to outwit the Countess, but fate—in the form of a threatening Aunt Hitty—takes a hand

By

LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

The Story So Far

This is the tale of a troupe of wandering actors, the Dramatic Company of the Rockies, in Colorado in 1865. The troupe are all one family—"Miss Nell," the eighteen-year-old star, wife of McKean More, the leading man, and their baby, "The Codger"; Dora, sixteen, the practical member of the family; Mitie, fourteen, and Hittabelle, twelve, half-sisters of Nell and Dora; "Mother," an actress once known throughout the West as "lovely Mary Mallory"; and her father, Patrick Mallory, affectionately called "Grand Patrick." Later they are joined by a seventeen-year-old boy, Phineas, who, with his tame blackbirds, encounters the troupe while searching for his benefactor, the old prospector Sam, who has disappeared.

When the story opens, the troupe have fallen on hard times. Their rival, the Countess de Braganza, with a larger company, more and finer scenery and costumes, is trying to outdo them in their own territory. It is a favorite trick of the Countess, with her six-horse equipage, to pass the Dramatic Company on the road, as they plod along in their painted wagon drawn by a span of mules. The Countess, arriving first at their mutual destination, then tries to secure the only theater in town.

This is the situation when the Dramatic Company of the Rockies, delayed by a sick mule, arrive in Oratown some hours later than they planned. The Countess having secured the only theater, they decide to give "Romeo and Juliet" on an outdoor platform, selling their hair tonic between the acts. Phineas, who is playing Mercutio, stumbles and falls flat, to the delight of the audience. Grand Patrick immediately turns Shakespeare's tragedy into a farce, with great success. Evening finds them all in happy mood—until they read a letter from Dora's guardian, Aunt Hitty, threatening to take Dora back to live with her in her great barn of a house in Ohio.



HER SET FEATURES EXPRESSED DISAPPROVAL

PART THREE

DORA, sitting there in the miner's cabin with its rough walls, knew such a weak shakiness that the Codger felt like a weight of lead in her arms. A candle guttered out and the smell of burnt wick trailed through the room and mingled with the smoke of fried meat, the ever-clinging smell of hair tonic. The pup with the dubious horseshoe on his forehead twitched and whimpered in his sleep.

So that was Aunt Hitty's grim edict—that she, Dora, must give up her life of play-acting and come back with her. Dora looked around the room, her heart thudding heavily and hurtling against the stays of her basque. Mitie pulled her rickety wooden box up close to her. Mother laid a protective hand on Dora's lap. Dora clutched it in fright. "Can she do that, Mother? Can she take me back?"

Mother's smile was tremulous. "She's your legal guardian, Ladybird. She's your closest blood relation."

McKean was muttering indignantly to himself, "'Nell's alliance with another of the stage—'this regrettable incident'! What a hidebound old herring she must be, to be so down on the stage!"

Grand Patrick stood by the stove with a stick in his hand. "Play-acting is our bread and butter," he mused. "Why that should stick in the woman's craw is beyond my ken."

Mitie, on her uncertain wooden box, let out a little squeal. Her big eyes were wide with excitement. "But listen—listen! Supposing we get our chicken farm and settle down on it, and live on eggs and buttermilk and dandelion greens. We wouldn't be leading an unrespectable life then. Then Aunt Hitty wouldn't come out and take Dora away from us, would she?"

Some of the pressure on Dora's heart lifted hopefully. She turned imploring eyes to Grand Patrick. "Do you think—I mean, would she let me stay?"

Grand Patrick waved the stick of wood dramatically. "And why not?" he demanded. "It's the evils of the stage, the tramping through the mountains, that the woman is forever harping about. What possible fault could she find with our way of living if we settled down on a chicken farm?"

They all seized upon this solution eagerly. Hadn't they always planned just that, always dreamed of it through these worrying, wearying years? Just as soon as they got a little money ahead—! Their enthusiasm caught roughly on a snag. Just where would they get money enough to buy a chicken farm, when they were barely holding their own against the Countess's unfair yet lively competition?

"Most likely," muttered Grand Patrick, "if we work to put on *King Lear* and rig up our costumes, that dratted Countess'd put it on right under our noses—and use fifty yards more red velvet than we've got."

"And blue satin," sighed Mother enviously. "How I'd love to have a whole bolt of blue satin to cut into some day!"

Dora slid the Codger into Mitie's lap, and got out their night's receipts and counted them.

Besides the meat and eggs and soap and candles, they had taken in more money than at any performance since the Countess de Braganza had moved into their territory. "They liked the laughs we gave them," Dora said thoughtfully.

Carefully she shook the gold dust into a leather tobacco pouch. A pinch of this yellow dust between two fingers and a thumb was worth a "bit"; two pinches was "two bits," or a quarter. At such value it was legal tender across any store counter. Dora put the gold nuggets into the tin mustard can. It was passed around that each one might feel their weight. Grand Patrick shook the deep yellow, water-washed nuggets into his palm, gloated over them. "Aye, to be sure, our pranks loosened up their laughs. And laughter has a way of loosening money."

McKean, who had been reading again from the letter from Edwin Booth, looked up with an inspired light in his eyes. "And why shouldn't we give the people laughs?" he demanded. "The settlers and miners have faced cholera and want and death as they crossed the plains. They've known hardships almost beyond human endurance—yes, and loneliness and heartache. Most of them are separated from their families—they've no one to share their sorrows—"

"Come back to earth, McKean," Nell prompted him. "What are you trying to say?" Nell herself loved the spotlight so well that it made her fidgety to have even her husband occupying it for too long a time.



HIS EYES FLASHED, HIS LONG HANDS EMPHASIZED HIS WORDS

"Light of my life," McKean said, "I am trying to say, in simple words, that the miners and bullwhackers and cattlemen get enough tragedy at first hand, so why should we cram more down their throats?" He got up, walked the floor, his long coat tails flapping against his long legs. "Edwin Booth writes me of a new type of play which is sweeping the East like wildfire."

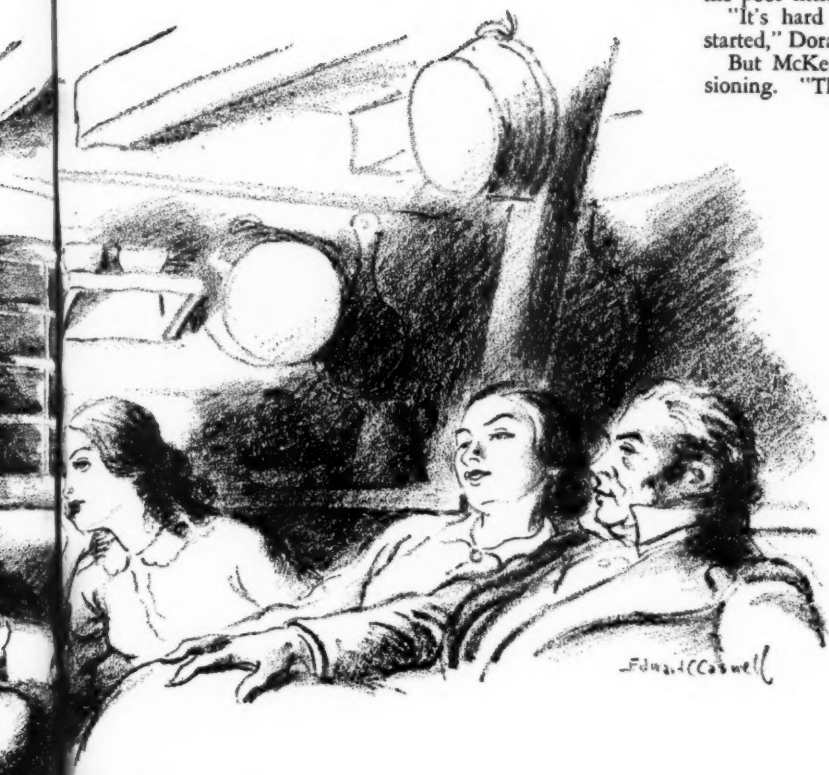
"You don't mean minstrelsy?" asked Grand Patrick. "Sure, that's not theater."

"It only verges on it in spots. It has melodrama and pathos and plenty of rollicking humor. The star can be boisterous and hoydenish as well as appealing. Look at Lotta Crabtree! They say she brings down the house when she plays the part of the roguish and hungry waif stealing a mut-ton bone. Look at Maggie Mitchell!"

Nell's attentive eyes were shining blue. Already she looked the part of an appealing rogue. She said, "Oh, McKean, I'd love a part like that! I'm so tired of stabbing people, or taking poison, or being haunted by ghosts. I'm tired of 'forsooths' and 'coffers' and 'methinks'."

Dora added, "And if ever we bungle a line of Shakespeare, the miners know him so well they can correct us."

"Do let's give Shakespeare a rest," Nell begged. "McKean, let's hunt up one of these new plays where I can make them laugh and cry in the same breath. They'd love it—and it would bring us in a fortune."



McKean turned on her reproachfully. "I don't have to *bunt up* a play. I've already written one—that is, I've written a good part of it." He began pulling at the sheaf of papers which always overflowed his pocket.

"What is the play about, McKean?" Mother asked eagerly. "You've never told us, you know."

McKean could never talk sitting in a chair, or even standing still. He must pace the floor, his black eyes flashing, his long hands emphasizing his words. Every time he passed the stove, Dora held her breath to see if his long flapping coat tails would escape the ashes on the hearth. Now he turned to Mother. "The play will be called *The Chimney Sweep*. As the curtain goes up, the little chimney sweep, Nell, awakens from a pile of rags; and as she goes up the palace steps with the sun rising in the background—"

"We've got the sun—and the palace—but no steps," Mother thought aloud.

"—she does a dance of delight, of joy in living—this little chimney sweep—a clog step with a happy lift to it, up and down the steps, like this."

His feet broke into rhythm. Nell got up, put her interpretation of joy-in-living into a step. Grand Patrick reached for his accordion, and his music felt out a melody to fit the rhythm of their dancing.

Joy in living. Dora's feet kept time to it. Her heart had no heaviness now. The chicken farm seemed close and Aunt Hitty far away. The worry of the Countess stealing their audiences seemed no worry at all now. They had something to give that the Countess didn't have. The Codger stirred at the sound of the music, reached out his arms to his mother.

Again Mitie spoke up, her eagerness making her stutter. "There's—there's something else we have that the Countess hasn't. We have a baby!"

"Why, so we have!" said McKean in surprise. "I can build my play around the Codger. I'll have it that he's left on the doorstep of the palace, but the rich people won't take

the poor little waif in—even when he cries in dire hunger."

"It's hard to get him to stop sometimes when he gets started," Dora mentioned practically.

But McKean never let practicalities check his swift envisioning. "They have hearts of stone. So the little chimney sweep takes him. She goes on her merry, reckless, pathetic way with a baby in her arms. Think of the treat a baby is to folks out here, who haven't seen one for months! Think of the comedy, the pathos!" He turned to them, his clenched hands loosening, and said with soft soberness, "This play will go down in history. It will make us famous. It will indeed make us a fortune."

"Enough to buy the chicken farm?" Mitie wanted to know.

"Full and plenty," said McKean, with a grand sweep of his arms.

"And a cow?" put in Hittybelle, waking from one of her kitten naps. "A black-and-white cow with a friendly face?"

Grand Patrick said, "We'll quit the stage in a blaze of glory. We'll settle down happily. No more will I squawk my throat hoarse selling hair tonic. No more pinning plumes to hats and having the pins digging into our scalps. No more running the flesh off those misbegotten mules."

Mother said, "I'll get a sewing machine. It sews for you. You only push the goods along."

"I can't believe it," sighed Hittybelle.

"I'll write to this Aunt Hitty person myself," Grand Patrick went on, "that's like a bloodhound after our own Dora, and I'll tell her—"

"Oh, no, you won't," Mother scolded, "if your pen runs away with you half as much as your tongue."

"Let me write her," said McKean. "I'll explain to her that the drama is a high calling. Time was when the church and the stage were one—"

"Dora will do the writing," Mother said firmly. "Nell, keep on dancing the Codger to sleep so she'll have quiet to write it carefully."

Hittybelle brought Dora the quill pen. Grand Patrick thinned down some of his blackface paste for her to use as ink. Dora wrote the letter carefully, her heart thumping with the forming of each word:

"Dear Aunt Hitty,

I am writing to tell you that you need not worry any longer about my tramping and play-acting. We are going to quit it altogether in—"

She paused. "How long before we'll be able to buy the chicken farm and move on it?"

McKean was optimistically vague. "Not long, Dora."

Grand Patrick said, "There never was a play our company couldn't learn and have letter-perfect in a week."

A doubt crept into Dora's heart as she chewed the end of the quill pen. She'd seen McKean start so many plays. All his fire went into the first act, possibly the second, and then it was all burned out before he ever reached the final curtain. She sighed as she temporized in her letter:

"We are going to quit it altogether in a short time and settle down on a chicken farm."

The next day dawned with overcast skies, and now and then a chill spatter of rain. Even summer rains were cold in the mountains. Dora kept the fire (Continued on page 43)

CAMP IS THE

DAY-CAMPERS FIND NATURE A FASCINATING SUBJECT WHEN THEY CAN TRY THEIR SKILL AT MAKING A BIRCH BARK GARDEN

LEFT: PAINTING OUT OF DOORS IS FAR MORE FUN THAN IN A STUDIO, FOR HOUSTON, TEXAS, CAMPERS



RIGHT: SHRILL AND SWEET IS THE MUSIC OF SHEPHERD'S PIPES WHEN MADE AND PLAYED BY DAY-CAMPERS OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND



ABOVE: A MINNOW OR A WHALE? IT WOULD NOT REALLY MATTER TO THESE BROWNIES OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY. FISHING IS FUN, REGARDLESS OF THE FINAL CATCH

LEFT: THE SMELL OF SIZZLING BACON ON THE AIR WHETS THE APPETITES OF HUNGRY CAMPERS. FOOD NEVER TASTES BETTER THAN WHEN IT IS COOKED OUTDOORS



THE PLACE for FUN



LEFT: BLANKETS AND FEATHERS TRANSFORM GIRL SCOUT CAMPERS INTO REDSKINS FOR AN INDIAN LORE PAGEANT AT CAMP MINNEYATA, DIXON, IOWA

RIGHT: FAITHFUL DOG ROVER SHOWS SOME INTEREST, TOO, WHEN CAMPERS PLAN FOR A CORN ROAST, WITH A COUNSELOR AT FAIR-OAKS, THE DAY-CAMP OF THE PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND SCOUTS

RIGHT: TAKING TURNS FOR A ROWBOAT TRIP ON THE POND IS FAIR PLAY FOR EVERYONE



Photograph by Harold Davis

LEFT: CARRYING THEIR PACKS TO THE CAMP TRUCK, THESE GIRL SCOUTS OF KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, ARE PREPARING TO START ON AN OVERNIGHT TRIP



"Pipsqueak and I"



July 18, 1939

CAMP MAY FLATHER:
As my faithful
friend, Pipsqueak, and

I stepped off the train at Harrisonburg, Virginia, we caught sight of the school bus that was to carry us the rest of the way to camp. We piled in, and presently rolled into camp amid the welcoming shouts of the "stay-overs." Within an hour we were assigned to units and cabins, and found ourselves picking our suitcases and duffel bags out of a pile of luggage.

As we made our way along the road that leads to our unit, "Boone," we suddenly became conscious that it had started to rain, so we broke into a run. As we bounced through the cabin door we were confronted by three grinning faces, our cabin mates. On the first bed sat Peggy, a newcomer; on the second, Jasie (short for Jasmine), another newcomer; and on the third bed, Gee-Gee, comfortable in a camp suit, a contented "stay-over."

After a very filling meal we had our first campfire and were introduced to the head of the unit, the crafts counselor, and the dancing counselor. Everybody seems awfully nice and we are all looking forward to two weeks of grand camping.

July 20, 1939

Drip! Drip! Drip!—that's about all you can hear around here. The river hasn't flooded yet, even though it is raining terribly hard, and that is a surprise. It is cold, though, and we are all wearing our warmest clothes and keeping under blankets.

For campfire to-night, the whole of Boone went up to the Lodge for folk dancing. We climbed up the mountain in the downpour, sliding half way down again with every few steps, but had a grand time trying to be the first to arrive. We did a lot of dancing, starting with "Coming 'Round the Mountain" and ending with the Virginia Reel. I had the dance counselor for my partner, and she certainly did whiz me up and down the floor! You can't help dancing fairly well with P—since she is so good herself.

As we marched down the path from the Lodge, and waded across the small creek that was once a road, we sang with undampened spirits. We were climbing into bed when a mud-spattered figure crept into the cabin. I turned on my flash light to find Jasie standing dejectedly in the middle of the floor. The small bank in back of the cabin was a bit more slippery than usual, and Jasie, conscious of Taps, had descended in a sitting position instead of in the usual manner.

July 21-22, 1939

At last it has stopped raining—believe it or not, the sun shone one whole hour! Jasie and I washed our clothes in the river and then hung them up on the trees along the bank.

Now that the sun is shining and the camp is at its best, I must describe it. Camp May Flather is one of the loveliest places I have ever been in, it's so comfortably settled between the tall mountains that surround it.

They look blue at a distance—that's because they're the Blue Ridge Mountains, you know—and they are very beautiful. There are thousands of birds here, all so brightly colored and so cheerful and pretty. The river is one of my favorite spots, the way it flows by the camp so clear and cool, rippling and sparkling over all the rocks in its path. Camp is really an artist's haven, and I would rather be here than in any other place any time. Besides cabins and tents, our main buildings are the dining hall and kitchen, infirmary, Lodge, trading post, and costume and crafts house, the dining hall being most important to most of us. We have grand tables, painted green and with ledges under the tops where we put our dishes after each course. It is awfully handy and saves a lot of time. After dessert everybody helps do the dishes—which aren't the least bit of trouble since we all sing and they are done in no time at all.

July 23, 1939

I am so smart! I went and volunteered for our cabin to have charge of "Scouts' Own" to-night—Sunday—and now, since we've been putting it off, we're in a mad rush to finish our plans. A lot of parents have come to-day to visit their little campers, and the place is simply swarming with them.

We had a swell time on our supper hike. We hiked up near the old pioneer unit where there is a grand place for building a fire. After we finished eating and washing our tin plates, we hiked back to camp, blissfully sucking lollipops.

For "Scouts' Own" we gave the ballad *Abu Ben Adhem*. I was Abu and Gee-Gee was the angel. I wore my bathrobe and she wore a sheet. It really wasn't so bad although we nearly died trying to keep from laughing at each other.

July 25, 1939

Kapers, of course, are a necessary bother. If nobody did any work the camp would be a terrible mess, but then again, think how nice it would be if there were a dozen or so little fairies who, after everyone is asleep, would clean up the cabins, and sweep the troop house floor!

I am making several things in crafts now. I have just finished a leather belt and am starting on a key case to-morrow. The camp has some visitors now, who are girls from Camp Ann Bailey. There are six of them, with two counselors. To-day they were shown around the camp and each unit entertained them in some



HI YO SILVER"

A CAMPER'S DIARY

By JOYCE POSSON

way. We had a grand campfire. Cabin One gave several scenes on the theme, "Why Counselors Get Gray Hairs," which was very appropriate and true to life. Next Cabin Three gave each of the other Cabins a bag with three articles in it to be used as properties in a skit. Ours didn't turn out any too well, but we managed to struggle through. Then, as a grand finale, our Cabin dramatized *The Highwayman*. Gee-Gee was Bess, the landlord's daughter, and although she is not the least bit like the famous brunette, after changing the poem a bit she fitted the part perfectly. Jasie read the ballad, Peggy and Pipsqueak were sound effects and King George's men, and I was the highwayman and rode on a broomstick. It really was terribly funny, as King George's men forgot their guns and had to rush out and get them, and the sound effects yelled, "Hi Yo, Silver!" as I galloped madly around the inn yard. The end was very pathetic. Poor Bess shot herself to death, and the brave and daring highwayman sprawled in the dust, struck down by a modern machine gun of a hundred years ago.

July 26, 1939

This morning the river was roaring and muddy again, and everything was wet and cold. About noon, when it was too late to go on a hike we had planned, the storm clouds floated away and the sun came out, just as clear and bright as possible. This afternoon





we went down to the swimming pool and watched P— dive. Even though we have a perfectly grand pool, the thought of the cold water makes me shiver. Usually, after fighting with myself, I get up enough courage to jump in, but even though the sun was shining this afternoon, it looked colder than ever.

For campfire we went to an Indian powwow. I went as chief, Pipsqueak as squaw, and Lizzie, from Cabin One, as papoose. We had war paint all over our faces and tried to look as horrible as possible. We did a death dance (although we had considerable trouble keeping our blankets on) and howled war chants at the tops of our lungs. The campfire ended with a mysterious Indian tale, told by one of the counselors.

July 27, 1939

Pipsqueak and I are rather worried about her little sister, as all she ate for breakfast was a dish of apricots, cereal, one piece of cinnamon toast, and cocoa—which is not anything as we each had *six* pieces of toast. Honestly, I don't mean to be a pig, but the food up here is so good that I just can't help myself.

Speaking of food, I don't believe I've mentioned the *May Flather Eater's Union*. This is one of the best-known and prominent organizations in camp. It consists of a bunch of girls and several counselors whose main word is food. I sat at their table to-day, and I still can't figure out where all the food went to.

Fifteen minutes after dinner we were back at the dining hall with our sweaters and flash lights. As the last of us dashed up the road, several minutes late, we saw before us a large hay wagon, drawn by two horses. After we had climbed on with much merriment and settled in our places, the driver pulled on the reins and away we went, amid the shouts of the rest of the camp. Every camp song known was sung again and again, until at last we arrived at Bear Trap Farm, where crackerjack and lollipops took complete charge. As we

WEIGHING OUT FOR AN OVERNIGHT HIKE



drove back, eager faces turned toward a storyteller, or fingers pointed to the heavens which were filled with the brightest of stars. Everyone felt that this evening had been one of the very best.

July 29, 1939

We were discussing nationalities at lunch to-day, and I announced that I am part Scotch and part poodle (re-fraining from saying "mongrel" as my father says he is). Then somebody started calling me "Poodle"—and, well, I guess I might as well call it my camp name now! Everybody says it fits me perfectly and I'm still wondering whether that is an insult or a compliment.

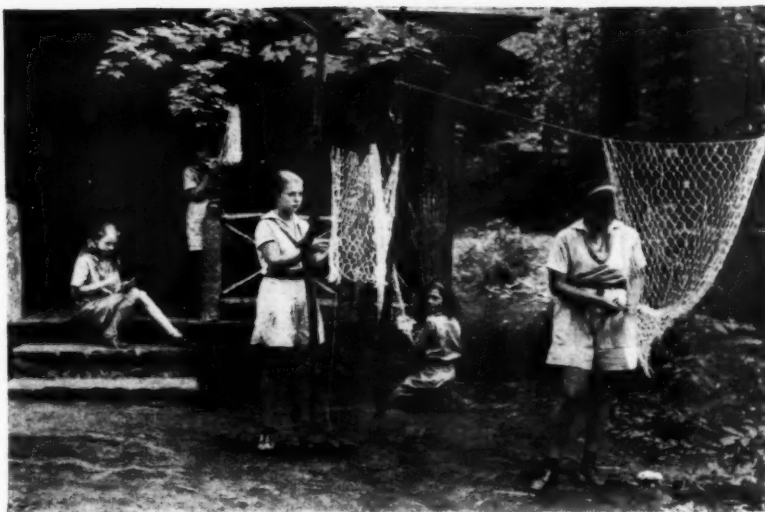
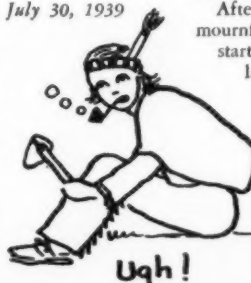
We had the swellest time to-night. Just before dark, laden with several dozen ears of corn, we marched up the hill to have a corn roast. After demanding to light the fire, I used up nearly all the matches and the wood just wouldn't burn. I felt very embarrassed. Of course as soon as I gave up in disgust, meanwhile complaining of wet wood, B—, with one match, had the fire blazing merrily in just a few minutes. Then at last we raked away the coals and drew out our precious corn. No one can imagine how absolutely wonderful that corn tasted. Although we ran out of butter and misplaced the salt, we complimented ourselves on being such good cooks, and on doing such a fine job of eating.

For the next half hour an exciting ghost story was told while we all sat around the fire listening intently. When at last we put out the fire and marched down the hill again, we all felt very sleepy and well fed.

To-day, oh joy, was Fried-Chicken Sunday! After eating as much as I possibly could, I spent the afternoon strolling around taking pictures.

We had a general "Scouts' Own" to-night in the dining hall. It consisted of shadowgraphs, a pretty dance accompanied by one of the younger girls who could cer-

July 30, 1939



MAKING HAMMOCKS IS A PLEASANT CRAFT AT CAMP MAY FLATHER

tainly play the flute, some poems and stories, and then a lot of singing.

July 31, 1939

Yipee! P— is going home with us to-morrow. Although I hate to leave camp, at least that's something to look forward to.

To-day, as this is our last real camping day, we had a sort of banquet. It was really like the good old days of barn dances, town meetings, etc. First, at about four o'clock the whole camp, decked out in every kind of costume possible, departed for the swimming pool where the younger girls put on a swimming meet and spelling bee.

Then, when we had finished eating our box lunches, one unit had an old-fashioned baseball game, and later the pioneers conducted a mock trial. After the verdict, everybody left the "courthouse" and trudged up to the Lodge where we farmers of Boone had an old-fashioned barn dance. After dancing a lot,



we all trooped back to our own units and tumbled into bed.

August 1, 1939

Everybody in my cabin is going home to-day. We all took showers and put on our dresses—which felt very queer after our comfortable old camp suits.

After lunch, at about two o'clock, we mournfully climbed into busses and started down to Harrisonburg. At last the train roared in and we piled on, everybody rushing for the air-conditioned car. Despite our sorrow at leaving camp we really enjoyed ourselves on the trip home. We pulled into Union Station at nine o'clock and ended two very happy weeks of camping.

Ho, hum! Good-night, dear Diary.

DON'T LET ANYTHING

STOP YOU!



Illustrated by
KATHERINE
SHANE
BUSHNELL

The greatest mistake any girl can make is to give up hope of being charming because of a few little minuses in her good looks quota

By
HAZEL
RAWSON
CADES

*Good Looks Editor,
The Woman's Home Companion*

IF YOU ARE LARGE, DO NOT ACCENTUATE YOUR SIZE WITH VIVID COLOR AND TOO MUCH TRIMMING. HOW MUCH SMARTER AND SLIMMER THE GIRL AT LEFT LOOKS THAN THE ONE AT RIGHT

ARE you a little taller than average? A little shorter than you wish you were? Overweight? Too thin?

Do you think your chances are being ruined because your hair isn't blond?

Do you believe your life is spoiled because your complexion is a little spotty? Or because you're a born freckler?

Do you have a psychosis about eyeglasses? Do you *just hate* your nose?

Well, now, let me tell you—one swallow doesn't make a summer! The greatest mistake any girl can make is to give up hope of being charming because of one or two little minuses in her good looks quota, or to put the blame on one liability for her failure to try to remedy her defects and build up her assets.

Take this business of being over tall. It's true you're in the minority. It's a little harder to find clothes, and sometimes quite a bit harder to find sizable dancing partners. But do you know that clothes models are almost always tall? That, as a matter of fact, it's really the tall girls who can wear clothes best, provided they remember, as models must, to carry themselves properly?

If you are too thin, too fat, too short, or too tall, there are two things you can do. You can perfect your posture, and learn to carry yourself so beautifully that people forget your size. And you can learn to dress correctly.

Proportion is one of the fundamentals of good dressing. A tiny hat on a big head, or an overpowering one on a little person are both bad. Watch *patterns* in dress fabrics, *cut* in clothes, and *size* in accessories. Pay

special attention to fit. If you are large, for example, you'll find that too tight a fit in your clothes will accentuate your size just as markedly as loose, bulky lines.

And remember to take into consideration the impact on the eye that colors make. If you do not want to call attention to your size, do not use bright, eye-catching colors except in small quantities.

I'm not going to waste any time sympathizing with the girl who wishes she had blond hair, for I think color matters not at all. I do think, however, that shampooing and brushing are important, and that if girls spent as much time on caring for their hair as on lamenting its color, the hair grooming standards of this country would go up with a bang.

Suppose your hands are not well shaped. That's too bad, of course, but nobody is going to consider it a serious detriment to your appearance provided they are well cared for—and this is really a simple thing to do. Keep your hands clean. Dry them carefully. Push back your cuticle regularly. Use a hand lotion faithfully. And give yourself a simple manicure at least once a week.

I never know just how much to fuss about blackheads and spots. Certainly every girl who has them should *work* on them, but it's awfully important that she work on them hopefully and intelligently. Lots of soap and water, sunlight, sensible diet. No picking at the face. And, above all, no fatalistic idea that a bad skin is just something you have to have. In most cases a bad skin can be overcome if a girl is honestly willing to take the trouble. Sometimes it's just a question of being a little more sacrificial about those gooey between-meal snacks, and a little less forgetful about going to bed with a clean face.

If you are a freckler and don't think freckles are cute (some do, you know), you will just have to make up your mind to protect your skin from too much sun exposure. With freckles you do have a certain measure of choice, which is something that complaining frecklers always seem to overlook!

Noses are another matter. You get your nose given you when you're born, and if you

are a sensible girl, you do not waste time disliking it. Some of the best-looking women have had long noses, and played up to them in their dressing. You may do likewise. Or, if you prefer, you may minimize the effect of your nose by your choice of hat and hair arrangement. Clever hat brims will fool the eye a good deal. And a hair arrangement that has a little width at the sides is helpful in balancing a prominent nose.

Similar tricks are also useful if you wear glasses. Brimmed hats are your best bet because, for one reason, they prevent shine on the lenses. Be particularly careful in arranging your hair to keep your forehead clear and avoid a cluttered look in your hairdressing. Try for softness and a little width at the sides. In general, you'll find a side part more becoming than a center part which emphasizes the evenly balanced effect of the lenses—though, of course, you must always take into consideration the shape of your face.

Remember that usually the center part increases the apparent length of the face, while the farther to one side you place the part, the more you increase the apparent width of the face. An illusion of length may also be given by an upward arrangement of the hair at the top of the head, or by length of bob. This rule, incidentally, is helpful not only to the girl who wears glasses but also to the girl who wants to compensate for either a short, thick neck, or a long, thin one.

Eyeglasses have been made so good looking nowadays that the old curse has been completely taken off them. It's no hardship any more for a girl to have to wear glasses, because glasses are both smart and becoming. Lenses are shaped to suit the individual face, and the new, pinky frames that you can get are distinctly flattering.

No, I don't believe there's any apparent handicap that can really stop a girl if she makes up her mind to be attractive. But I would like to say just this one thing. I think it's always a mistake to think too much about what seems to you to be your less attractive features. Recognize them, do what you can about them, but also be fair to yourself about your good points.

Perhaps you *do* have a large nose. But you have nice hair, haven't you? Make the most of that. See that it's the very nicest hair you can possibly contrive. And when you go about, don't just remember that your nose is a little bigger than you'd like it to be. Say to yourself, "My hair looks nice—it looks *very* nice. It looks just as nice, if not nicer, than other people's hair!" And take a little credit to yourself.

PEEK-A-BOO!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

my hands. Perhaps I did turn the dial—a little."

Stan grunted. So many unfortunate things happened to his sister entirely by accident. "Well, if you did that, I can't open it. I haven't the combination. And we've got to put the money in before we close the store. Oh, well, I can take the cash home, I suppose." He tried the doors of the safe and vainly twirled the knob of the dial.

"Oh, but Stan, we *can't* leave it shut!" Dilsey burst out. "We'll *have* to get it open! Dodo's in it!"

"*What?* You mean that pup is in the safe?" Stanley's face turned pale under his freckles. "What in the name of heck did you put him in there for? He'll smother to death! He can't last an hour!"

Hearing the altercation, the other girls had found their way into the office. Sally broke out into a shriek. "You've locked Dodo in the safe?" She turned on Dilsey wrathfully. "I *told* you not to touch him!" Rushing at the safe, she jerked and pulled the doors, but to no avail.

Stanley raised his voice. "Bernie, do you know anything about this safe? Did Mr. Doyle ever give you the combination?"

Screw-driver in hand, the younger boy joined the group. "No, he never gave me no combination."

"Well, he's the only one who's got it then! And he's off to New York—for overnight!" Stan glanced at his wrist watch. "His train leaves in three minutes." At the forlorn hope suggested by his own words, he turned toward the front door and his waiting bicycle.

But, sensing his thought, Dilsey beat him to it. The screened door banged behind her as she rushed the bicycle to the curb and swung into the saddle. Pedalling away, she heard her brother shouting after her, "Stop, Dill! Let me have the wheel! I can make it quicker!"

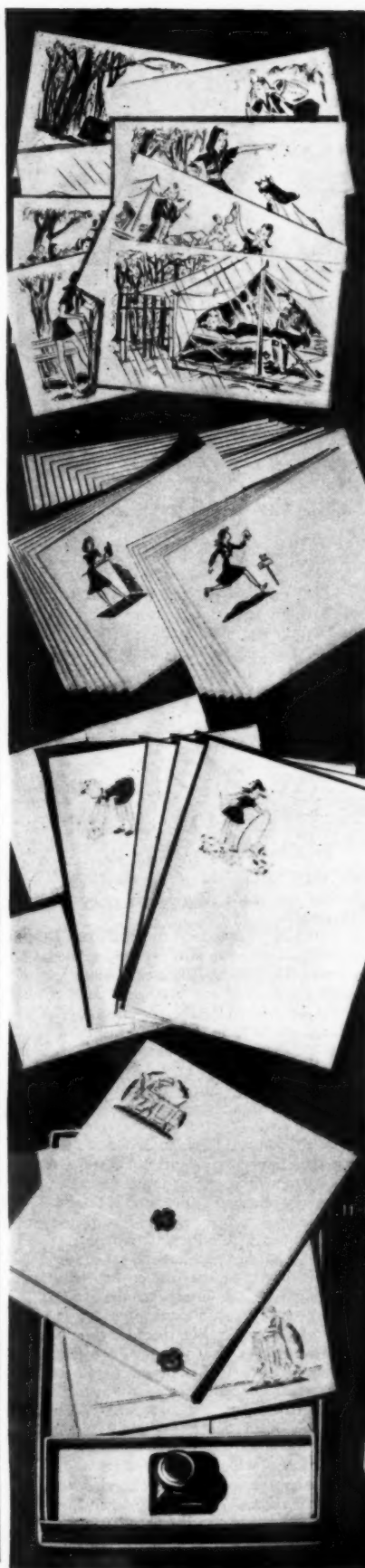
But she only pedalled faster. She couldn't lose the thirty seconds it would have cost to make the change. Three minutes! By this time even less than three! Luckily her gingham dress had a full skirt and draped itself not impossibly across the dividing bar of the wheel. She tore at top speed along the village street, circling perilously among approaching cars, her whole soul straining to reach the railroad station before the train should bear Mr. Doyle away—and with him all hope of life for the little dog.

"*W'ho—oo! W'ho—oo!*" That was the train, rounding the long curve on its way up from Tinkerton. It was puffing up the grade behind her now. She could hear it in the distance. In one minute it would roll onto the Martinstown trestle and draw into the station. Two boys lounging on the steps of the drug store laughed as, at the warning sound, she bent over the handlebars and put on a spurt of even greater speed. But what did she care?

Now the train was passing her! On the elevated tracks at her right she could see the driving-rod of the engine slacking speed to halt at the platform. The train rumbled in. Brakes were screeching and coaches jostling each other as she flung Stan's bicycle at the curb and tore for the steps.

As she reached the platform, there was a roar from the engine and a great jet of steam shot skyward. A sprinkling of city-bound

(Continued on page 33)



DESK DETAILS

Vacation Cards, chock-full of the spirit of fun and frolic, make writing home and friends a mere matter of minutes. The amusing pen and ink sketches are printed in cool green, and backs are divided for Message and Address. Eight cards (one of each design) to a set. 11-962 Set.....\$.08

Correspondence Cards, for short notes, invitations, and bread-and-butter letters, are tinted pale green, with illustrations in deep green. Each cellophane-sealed pack contains 8 cards of each design, and 16 matching envelopes. 11-602 Pack.....\$.15

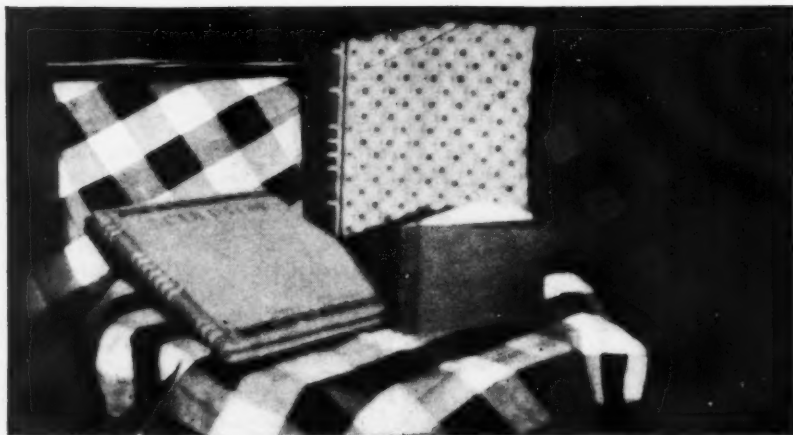
Brownie Stationery, appropriately brown on tan, is decorated with perky little Brownies at work and at play. There are 12 double sheets of each design, and 24 envelopes to match. 11-604....\$.25

Girl Scout Stationery tinted soft green, has illustrations printed in deep green, and comes 12 double sheets of each design, and 24 envelopes in each box. The bottle of green "Quink" adds a distinctive touch. 11-601.....\$.50

Personal Stationery of satin-smooth Club parchment, chalk white, and simply decorated with the trefoil engraved in gold, adds a luxuriant touch to the well-equipped desk. A box contains 24 double sheets and 24 envelopes. 11-603.....\$.75

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
National Equipment Service
14 W. 49th St. New York, N.Y.





THREE PLEASING SCRAPBOOKS VARYING IN SIZE AND DESIGN TO SUIT INDIVIDUAL NEEDS

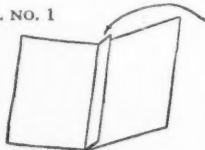
A SCRAPBOOK FOR YOU

HAVE you ever searched the stationery counter and then not found the scrapbook, diary, or blankbook which just suited you? Perhaps you had a definite picture in your mind of the size, shape, thickness, and color of the book you needed; but this one was too dull a color, that one too big and bulky, another too small, and finally you either gave up the search, or tried to be satisfied with a book not quite right. Had you but known it, you could have made the book you desired with the aid of a few simple materials. The method you would have used is that known as Japanese binding, and it is a useful and yet easy art to learn.

The first step is to prepare the pages of whatever kind of paper you favor. Newsprint, which may be purchased at almost any printing office, comes in large, inexpensive sheets of various colors. Or, if you like a rougher, heavier paper, you can buy large sheets of manila. Having chosen the paper, decide upon the size sheet you wish, and cut as many sheets as there are to be pages in your book.

If you are making a book to be used for a scrapbook, or a photograph album, or any other type book in which things are to be pasted, you will need a narrow strip inserted in the hinge on each page. Thus, the book is slightly thicker at the hinge side than at the open page side, but, when clippings or pictures are pasted in, it will be of even thickness from hinge side to open side. If you did not insert the narrow strips to allow for the extra thickness which the pasted material adds, the book would always be bulging open because the hinge would be too tight. So, if you need to plan for this step, cut strips about one inch wide and as long as the page, and place one strip between every two pages. (Figure No. 1). If your book is destined to be a diary or

FIG. NO. 1

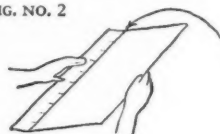


STRIP TO
ALLOW
FOR
EXTRA
THICKNESS
LATER

record book, you will not need these strips. When the pages are all cut, select cardboard from which to make a front and a back cover. Suit or shoe boxes are of good weight for cov-

ers. Cut two cardboards, each one-fourth inch wider and one-fourth inch longer than the page size. These must be scored so that they will bend readily at the hinge: from the hinge side, measure in one inch, lay a ruler down at the proper place, and draw a knife or scissors blade along it so as to make a slight cut on the surface of the cardboard. Still holding the ruler firmly, bend the larger part of the cover up

FIG. NO. 2



SLIGHTLY
CUT, THEN
BENT

toward you, as if you were opening a book. (Figure No. 2)

You will want to bind the cardboard covers in material of some kind—paper, oilcloth, or cotton print. The smallest book in the photograph has no binding; its cover is made of two pieces of colored cardboard, an orange piece jutting out beneath a brown one. The book with the lettered front has covers bound in gray-green paper. The patterned cover on the third book is made of red-white-and-blue cotton print, with a strip of plain red at the left or hinge side.

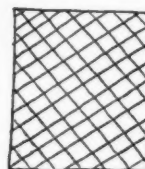
While you are thinking about the binding material, think also of the color you wish to use for the lining of the inside of the covers. The gray-green book illustrated is lined with a light orange paper; the red-white-and-blue print is lined with a brilliant red.

From whatever material you select for binding the covers, cut two pieces, each one inch wider and one inch longer than the cardboards. Taking one cardboard at a time, lay it on a sheet of newspaper and spread a thin coating of paste over the entire area. Then place the cardboard in the center of the binding material so that one-half inch of the material extends on all sides of the cardboard. When you have smoothed out all wrinkles, paste this extending half-inch down securely on the wrong side of the cardboard.

Now cut the lining paper for each cover one-half inch narrower and shorter than the cardboard, and paste it evenly on the inner side of the covered cardboard so that one-fourth inch of the binding shows on all sides. This lining

For favorite poems, clippings, pictures, mementos—every girl needs an attractive scrapbook. JUNE PETERS tells you how to design and make your own

paper hides the raw edges of the binding material. Thus you have one side—the outside, or front—of the cardboard covered smoothly with the binding material, and the other side—the inside—covered with lining paper up to a fourth inch of the edges of the covers. (Figure No. 3) Place covers under weights to dry.



OUTSIDE

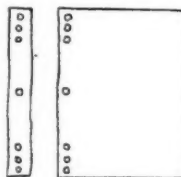
FIG.
NO.
3

INSIDE

Now you are ready for the last step—that of lacing pages and cardboard covers together to form the finished book. The material is laced together by passing cord, or heavy thread of some kind—cotton wrapping cord, if you wish—through a row of holes made either with a paper puncher or a darning needle. Whether or not the lacing adds or detracts from the pleasing appearance of the finished book depends upon two things: (1) The color of the cord. Choose a color that harmonizes with the covers. The gray-green book illustrated is bound with orange cord which repeats the orange of the lining paper and the orange in the lettering; the red back of the red-white-and-blue print book is laced with heavy linen thread. (2) The grouping of the holes. Notice how the holes are grouped on each of the three books illustrated. How monotonous they would have looked, if all the holes were exactly the same distance apart! Instead, the holes are grouped—perhaps three close together at one end, then a space, then seven together through the middle, another space, and finally another group of three to correspond at the opposite end. Punch the holes, in whatever groups you fancy, one-half inch in from the left side of one page. Then laying this page on the others, punch them all exactly the same. If you are using narrow strips between the pages, of course you will punch a row of

FIG. NO. 4

STRIP
PUNCHED
TO COR-
RESPOND
WITH
HOLES
IN PAGE



corresponding holes exactly down the center of each strip. (Figure No. 4) Now measure in, five-eighths of an inch, on the hinge side of each cardboard cover and punch corresponding holes.

Place the pages together with holes coinciding; put a cardboard on either side. (Each cover should extend one-eighth inch beyond the pages on all sides if you have made it correctly.) Push a nail through a hole at each end

of the row to help you in holding the book straight while you complete the final step. With your cord threaded single, double, triple, or even more—as the weight of the thread and your wish dictate—start at the top of the book and work to the bottom. You should go through each hole twice on your way down—once straight along the cardboard, the second time out around the hinge and the other cardboard. When you reach the bottom, the lacing on the side from which you have been working should look something like Figure No. 5. The other side should resemble Figure No. 6. Start back toward the top, going through each hole once this time and thus closing the gaps left on the way down. When you reach the top again, so that your thread is on the same side of the book with the other loose end of the cord, tie the two ends tightly in a good knot and push the knot down into one of the holes if possible. Now the lacing on both sides should look something like Figure No. 7. You may have a little difficulty in grasping this

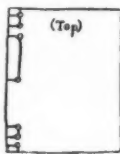


FIG. 5

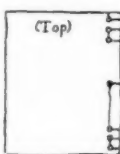


FIG. 6

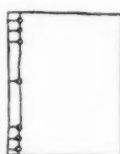


FIG. 7

method of lacing at first, but, by experimenting a little, you will easily understand it. Or you may find a different, original way to arrange the lacing.

You should feel free to use your imagination in the making of this book—in the texture of the paper you select, in the color combinations you choose, in the way you group the holes, in the way you lace the book together. For, after all, this is *your* book. Do your best to make it so!

PEEK-A-BOO!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

people were boarding the train, and the conductor stood, a pace or two back, with his watch in his hand.

Oh, thank goodness, Mr. Doyle was not yet aboard! It was easy to pick out his rotund form, though his hand was on the rail and his foot on the lowest step of the coach nearest her.

Dilsey's onslaught was swift as the pounce of a blue jay. Mr. Doyle turned his head in indignant surprise as she clutched his arm. "What's the combination of your safe, Mr. Doyle?" she panted. "Stan can't get it open."

"All aboard!" the conductor shouted, and waved his hand at the engine. The wheels gave a grinding squeak.

Mr. Doyle swung to the step. "Tell him to leave it shut then. He has no call to open it."

"Oh, no, Mr. Doyle!" Dilsey had him by the black alpaca coat now. He was sliding slowly away, but she ran beside the train.

Angrily he jerked his coattail from her hand. "Can't you see I can't bother about anything now?" he exploded, turning to enter the car.

"There's a dog in your safe!" Dilsey screamed frantically after his vanishing back.

Mr. Doyle dropped off the train. If looks could kill, Dilsey would have fallen lifeless

(Continued on page 37)



So we sent Betty, of course!

We never hesitated a minute when the School Newspapers' Convention asked us to send a delegate. It was Betty, of course! She really did a swell job on our paper. And she's so pretty and friendly. Betty never gets flustered or upset, either. Even during her most difficult times, she stays poised and self-confident. One time I asked her about it . . .



"Haven't you heard?" she said.

"Gosh, Janey, I thought everybody knew about Miracle Modess! Why, I'd be lost at certain times without Modess' wonderful comfort and safety!"

"But, Betty, I thought all napkins were pretty much alike—"

"You old silly! Listen—Modess is *different*! It has a downy filler of *fluff*—instead of close-packed, papery layers. And that fluff-filler is so soft it moulds to the body perfectly. There's no bulky, bunched feeling."

"My! It really *does* sound different!"

"That's not all, Janey! Modess now has a grand comfort feature called 'Moisture Zoning' and a special moisture-resistant backing that makes you feel so *safe*!"

"Look, Betty, I'm going right home and tell mother to get—"

"—Tell her to get you Junior Miracle Modess. It's a pad made specially for girls so it's a little bit narrower. But it's wonderfully soft and safe just like regular Modess. And another nice thing is, Junior Modess costs less!"

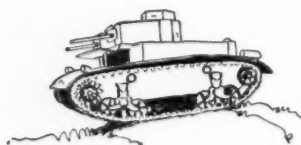


IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

THE CHALLENGE OF DEFENSE

"This war cannot be fought as the last war was fought." Prime Minister Winston Churchill spoke these words a few days before the Nazis launched their drive into Holland and Belgium. It is tragic, from the Allies' point of view, that such advice could not have been widely broadcast, swiftly acted upon, not days but years before the German invasion. For the military men of the Reich had long been busy working out a terrific new way of fighting. They called it the *blitzkrieg* (lightning war). It demanded a smoothly working combination of bombing planes, tanks, armored columns. Timing, speed, clocklike coordination—these it must have,



to succeed. It called for vast numbers of battle machines, of trained men. It revolutionized warfare.

Behind Germany's ability to wage lightning wars lay her capacity to turn out machines for combat. Ever since Hitler seized power, she had been carrying on the behind-the-lines "war" that makes real war possible—the gearing up of her factories, her whole industrial organization for the production of weapons of offense and defense. She realized fully that economic mobilization was just as important as military, naval, and aerial mobilization. High-speed mass production must come before all else.

How did the Allies meet this industrial challenge? Inadequately, certain of their spokesmen now say with frankness. In 1935—long before the Munich "surrender"—they realized that the Reich was rearming. At that time England and France had impressive military and aerial—as well as naval—superiority. They tried to maintain their lead by appropriating increasingly vast sums for rearmament. But German efficiency and unified organization swung into high gear. In the grim race, the Reich drew ahead. "The Allies failed to understand fully how to organize their plants for mass production of arms." That is the gist of what dozens of American industrialists—close observers of British and French methods—tell us.

The United States has been, perhaps, as blind as England and France. Their mistakes

have been its mistakes. Americans cannot afford smugness. But, through an accident of geography, they have been luckier.

Learning from its own mistakes, the mistakes of the other democracies, the United States may have time to rearm. Can it swiftly translate its industrial capacities—the world's greatest—into weapons of defense? Can it train enough men thoroughly, but with speed? In answer, only this much can be said: great numbers of Americans are in a mood for hard work, for sacrifice, for unprecedented effort.

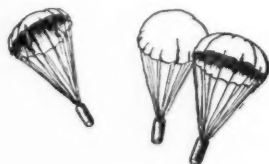
BOMBS OF MERCY

When we think of planes dropping bombs we think of death, destruction. It is heartening, therefore, to realize that certain flyers have used, are now using, bombs of a sharply different sort. These missiles are designed not to destroy but to bring help.

Consider, for example, the projectiles sent earthward by that gallant Canadian pilot, Captain Leigh Brintnell. When prospectors, hunters, or explorers were in danger from the small forest fires typical of subarctic Canada, Captain Brintnell, on aerial patrol, would "spot" blazes and race ahead of them. Flying low, he would drop special bombs full of flame-smothering chemicals. His missiles saved hundreds of lives.

In our own Alaska, Bob Reeve, a veteran pilot, has been dropping food, camping gear, and even light mining machinery, to men operating eleven small lode mines that pierce cliffs around the upper reaches of the great Columbia Glacier. He sends these supplies down by parachute.

Parachutes have been used also by certain expert flyers of Great Britain's Royal Air Force. During the past year they have been gaining accuracy and skill in sending down



big metal cylinders full of food and medical supplies.

"If the enemy should land forces in Britain," an R.A.F. officer wrote recently, "these missiles might bring quick assistance to soldiers and civilians temporarily cut off from bases of supplies."

In an era of tragedy from the skies, it's a relief to remember that bombs may be blessings.

"TOWN OF TWENTY THOUSAND PETS"

Hollywood has been changing its mind about the kind of pets it favors. Movie actors and actresses have long been fond of living things with four legs, feathers, fins. A majority of these pets used to be drastically unconventional. Screen players owned—and were frequently photographed with—such animals as chimpanzees, leopards, lions, tigers.

In the past few years, though, players' tastes in pets have grown more like those of people in other parts of the country. Now dogs are well out in the lead, with cats in second place. Apart from these two favorites there's a vast diversity.

Jane Withers is, perhaps, Hollywood's outstanding pet owner. She had, at a recent count, two hundred and seventy-three of them. They include one hundred and eighty



tropical fish, four dogs, two horses, four cats, six guinea hens, thirteen ducks, thirty-eight chickens, three turtles. Also six pheasants named Bandy, Randy, Sandy, Candy, Andy, and Tandy.

Shirley Temple has been fond of pets ever since she could toddle. Her "retirement" may give her more time to look after her current collection of them. There's Corky, a Scottie; Rowdy, a setter; Ching Ching, a slightly stand-offish Pekingese; and Red, a macaw which talks a little and screeches a lot. When Shirley was younger she raised family after family of rabbits. Once she told a visitor, "I love bunnies because they're soft and warm and wiggle their noses and have babies."

Shirley's fans used to present her with more pets than she could keep. Among those she gave away reluctantly were a kangaroo and a cow.

In contrast to Shirley's many animals is the one-and-only pet owned by Deanna Durbin. This is Tippy, a mongrel vaguely related to a Cocker Spaniel. Deanna is devoted to him. It's typical of her that she didn't buy a fussy thoroughbred. She bought Tippy because she liked him on sight and he liked her. He cost her precisely two dollars.

Hollywood is sometimes called "the town of twenty thousand pets." Jokers insist that, when two actors meet, they don't ask, "How are you?" They ask, "How's your pup?"

SAD NEWS FOR SILK WORMS

"There's nothing new under the sun." We all know that old saying. But how about a recent trick which American industrial science has turned? In other words, how about nylon? When a girl wears nylon stockings made of air, water, and coal, isn't she helping to stage an innovation?

The amount spent on developing nylon is staggering. Ten millions for the plant in Seaford, Delaware, seven millions for research.

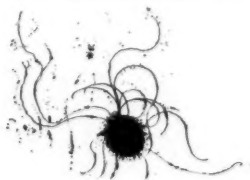
Coal plus air plus water sounds simple. As a matter of fact, only parts of each are used in making nylon: phenol from coal, hydrogen from water, nitrogen from air. These form a substance which, while subjected to intense heat, is liquid. This liquid is poured into perforated cups and put under pressure which forces it through the perforations. When it strikes cool air it emerges as fibers. These are twisted into threads—threads which, later, appear on counters as stockings.

That nylon stockings could not run, proved to be wishful thinking. Under certain conditions they will run and they will also snag. But, being elastic, they fit well, are sheer, and look like silk. There was a rush to buy them when they were put on the market. Men's nylon socks are, at this writing, not purchasable. But they are to follow, as are lace, brushes, underwear—all of nylon.

SMALL, SECRET WORLD

Scientists whose business it is to peer through microscopes have long wanted to see certain things. Filterable viruses, for instance—those infinitesimal organisms so tiny they pass through the porcelain filters which strain out germs. Such viruses are suspected of causing many ailments—among others, the common cold. Also, research workers have wished they could get a better view of dangerous germs—the typhoid fever germ, for one—better than the instruments built along accepted lines could give them.

Until recently, such hopes seemed futile. Ordinary microscopes depending on light can magnify clearly up to a given limit, and no farther. That limit is the wave length of light itself. Beyond twenty-five hundred diameters of magnification light fails because



you are trying to use it as a means of looking at objects smaller than its own wave length.

The instrument that broke this scientific deadlock is the electron microscope. Electrons (electrified particles) have a wavelength very much shorter than that of light. By producing them electrically and harnessing them in a super-microscope, experimenters find they can achieve a clear magnification of one hundred thousand diameters.

Results: a virtual assurance that filterable viruses will be seen, and a chance to get a better look at deadly bacilli, such as the octopuslike typhoid germ our artist sketched from a photograph taken by means of the new microscope. Perhaps we're only at the threshold of startling discoveries in the world of the infinitely small.

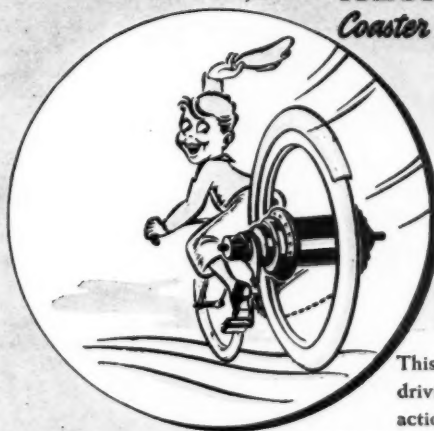


Saddle Oxford
(*Four colors*)

*They are not
Kedettes unless
the name Kedettes
appears in the shoes.
23 styles. 30 color com-
binations. 1.98 to 2.98
At the better stores.*

 WASHABLE
Kedettes
United States Rubber Company
Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y.

The Heart of the Bicycle **NEW DEPARTURE**
Coaster Brake in the Rear Hub



This better brake is certain in its driving and coasting and braking action always—hot or cold, wet or dry. Lightest weight—greatest braking power—gives smoother, quicker stops. Be sure your bicycle has a NEW DEPARTURE Coaster Brake in the rear hub. The genuine costs no more!

LOOK FOR THE NAME
NEW DEPARTURE ON THE
HUBS OF YOUR BICYCLE

WHEN VACATION DAYS BEGIN

WHEN VACATION DAYS BEGIN and you go away to camp, or with your family to the shore or mountains, make sure that you don't miss any issues of **THE AMERICAN GIRL**. Leave your vacation address, together with three cents postage for each copy of the magazine you want forwarded, at your local postoffice, and your Postmaster will see that they are remailed to you.

New Pocket Camera



The snap catch springs the camera into position and the wire finder and standing support slide into the camera when not in use. When folded, this camera is a mere 2" x 3" x 3/4", not much larger than your favorite compact.

**THIS GENUINE
Univex CAMERA
MAY BE YOURS!**

FREE!

THIS special Girl Scout model in black with the front plate in green takes time exposure or snapshot, capturing every detail so that pictures enlarge beautifully, yet small enough to tuck away and carry conveniently in your pocket, purse, or handbag.



FILM INCLUDED

With each camera we will also send a film roll for six exposures. Additional rolls may be obtained at any local drug or stationery store.

HERE ARE ALL THE EASY DIRECTIONS

Tell girls how much you enjoy your subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL—then go with the girls to their mothers and let them order subscriptions for themselves through you.

When you have secured three such subscriptions (they may be 3 months for \$1.00, or 1 year for \$1.50, or 2 years for \$2.00), send us the three new names and addresses, together with the money you have received for the subscriptions. (The subscriptions must be sold to persons living outside your own home.) Delivery of the UNIVEX CAMERA will be prompt—allow a week or ten days from the day the three subscriptions reach our address given below.

Address: Department X, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

PEEK-A-BOO!

on the spot. "A dog? A dog in *what*?" he demanded ominously.

"In your safe!" Breath failed her.

Mr. Doyle strode past her. He dashed down the steps and she could hear the gusty cough of a motor as he flung himself into his car parked below.

Recovering, Dilsey ran downstairs and followed, a wretched culprit pedaling her way back to the scene of her crime.

The store was empty when she reached it, but the sound of a heavy voice at the back exploding in a furious tirade drew her to the office. Standing before the open safe, Mr. Doyle dominated the scene, every hair of his whiskers bristling with wrath. "In the safe with my papers! A dog! Pretty way to run a business!"

With Dodo restored to her arm, Sally stood staring. The little dog was vainly stretching his neck across her to reach a sweet biscuit in her upraised hand. Meg and Phyl looked on with frightened faces. Behind the desk, Bernie leaned forward to see; in the center, the focal point in the distressing tableau, stood Stan. His chin was up and his eyes were blazing, his face as red as his flaming crest of hair. But he was suffering humiliation in silence, and taking his verbal beating like a man.

"I left you in charge here. Where were you? Asleep?"

At the sight, all of Dilsey's bickerings with her brother faded into insignificance. Seeing Stan in trouble, and through her fault, she pushed into the circle and, before Stan could dodge her, flung both arms protectively around him. "Oh, you mustn't scold Stan, Mr. Doyle! It wasn't his fault. It was me en-

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

tirely. I put Dodo in the safe—and shut it by mistake. Stan was waiting on a customer."

Stan wrenched himself free. He flung Dilsey off. "Don't be an idiot, Sis! You're right, Mr. Doyle, I was asleep at the switch. But, after all, there's no harm done, sir."

"No harm?" Mr. Doyle bellowed. "What about my train? What about my appointment in New York?" He snorted and, snapping out a large white handkerchief from a side pocket, blew his nose like a trumpet.

Then, as his fierce gaze swooped around the circle of dejected faces, his features softened a little. The glare left his eye. He was naturally a kindly soul, and besides, other considerations were dawning. Stanley was an assistant of no mean value, and Stanley's parents, as well as Miss Marcia Merriam, were influential fellow townspeople and excellent customers. Perhaps he had gone far enough.

"Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk," he growled, stuffing his handkerchief into his pocket and turning on his heel. "I'm going home. You boys will have to carry on for the rest of the afternoon."

Out on the pavement again, the four girls went into a subdued huddle. "We'll have to go to the delicatessen for the tongue," Phyl reminded them with a tremble in her voice. "And to the bakery for the rolls. Then we must hurry back. Aunt Marcia'll be wondering what's keeping us."

At the words, tears pricked into Dilsey's eyes. They brimmed over and rolled down over her honest freckles. She swallowed hard. "I can't go to the picnic, girls. Will you tell Aunt Marcia? I'm going to beat it for home—and start that chocolate cake for Stan!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

warning of the previous evening flashed through her mind. "Let him have whatever it is he wants," Peggy had said. That was good advice, sound advice. But what was it this gangster wanted? More tense than ever, Ellen waited.

Again his voice came to her ears. "Keep quiet and I won't hurt you," he rasped. "Try and get funny, and—"

Ellen's jaw hardened, her lifted hands clenched into fists. Her sharp ears had detected a familiar note in that voice. It was Tank Beegle's. Tank was playing another of his practical jokes. Well, she would turn the tables on him.

To disconcert him, she gave a sudden scream. Then, leaping for the corner that held the rifle, she grabbed up the gun and faced around.

White as a ghost, Tank gave a terrified yell. Then, fleeing for his life, he bolted through the cabin door.

For a brief moment, Ellen's rage was eased. But the next instant her heart pounded wildly again. To her startled ears came two rifle shots in quick succession, followed by the *rat-tat-tat* of a machine gun. She dropped her gun precipitately and ran for the door through which Tank had fled. Her brain was seething. Dave Bigelow had said he would stand guard—and now he must have shot Tank, mistaking him in the early morning light for Nash, the gangster! And that *rat-a-tat-tat*—probably State Troopers who had finished Tank off with their tommy-guns!

As doors burst open upstairs, Ellen dashed

ELLEN UNLAXES

Guard rescue plane or boat. She was very cold in the water, tired, frightened, freezing.

Ellen waked of a sudden, to find a cool, early morning breeze blowing through her open window. Dawn was breaking—and she realized immediately that she was hungry, positively ravenous. She decided she must eat, and eat at once.

Flinging on her linen bathrobe, she thrust chilled feet into fleece-lined slippers and dashed into the hall and down the stairs. Why should she be so hungry? Emotional reaction from the night before? How utterly silly!

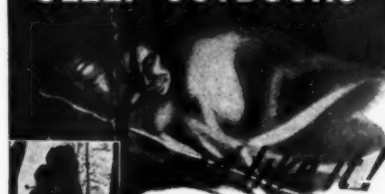
"Don't move!" The words grating in her ears, Ellen froze. Behind her, footsteps came nearer. Then that rasping voice again. "Put your hands up!"

Lifting her arms, Ellen opened her mouth to shout. But the man at her back jabbed her ribs in grim warning. Without being told, the girl sensed that, unless she remained absolutely quiet, her life would be ended as ruthlessly as the teller's at the Gilliam bank. Any effort to cry out, or to fly for the stairway leading to the rooms where Tank, Bilge, and Roger Harrison were sleeping would be her final act on earth.

Ellen's heart pounded as it had pounded the night before. Tense as a board, she stood. Waiting, alert for whatever was to come, her sharp eyes covered a full half of the big living room. In the nearest corner she saw Tank Beegle's rifle.

For a brief second, she thought of making a dash for the gun. Then Peggy Harrison's

SLEEP OUTDOORS



★ Slip into a Ta-pat-co Bag . . . Sink onto the thick, downy-lens mattress . . . Pull the covers up over you . . . Stretch out . . . Ah, what comfort! A Ta-pat-co Sleeping Bag is light; durable; adjustable to temperature; waterproofed. Truly, it's a perfect outdoor bed.

THE AMERICAN PAD & TEXTILE CO.
Dept. U-7, Greenfield, Ohio



SLEEP IN Tapatco BAGS

For SCHOOL - HOME - TRAVEL

CASH'S NAMES

PROTECT - IDENTIFY - SAVE LOSSES

Mark your things with Cash's Interwoven Names and they'll always be yours. An extra down now FREE with every order. At most dept. stores, or write us. Ask also about Cash's Pair Numbers, Sheet Markers, Woven Belts and Trimmings.

Trial Offer: Send us 15c for 1 doz. of your first name and sample of NO-50 for attaching without sewing.

CASH'S 100 Chestnut St., St. Norwalk, Conn., or 8700 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal., or 29 Gray St., Bellevue, Ind.

CASH'S 3 doz \$1.50 6 doz \$2.50 NO-50 25¢ NAMES 9 2 12 3 Cement or glue

SPRUCELAND CAMPS

Granite Lake, Munsonville, N. H. Girls 7-21 yrs.

Popular riding camp. Near Keene, 15th season. All sports. Gypsy trips. Comfortable cabins. "A" rating by Board of Health. \$17.50 season. A few may reduce fee by part time duties. Total fee \$100 for girls over 16 in Councilor Training Course. Certificate awarded. Give age when writing for booklet. Mrs. E. E. Hodgdon (former Girl Scout Capt.) 81 Garfield St., Cambridge, Mass. Tel. Trowbridge 7668.

SCOUT OFFICIALS BOOST YOUR COUNCIL FUNDS

When your council or troop budget needs bolstering, do as hundreds of councils have done. Sell Grennan Official Girl Scout Cookies! We furnish complete sale plans, publicity, advertising and contest ideas. Proven successful by more than 1500 councils last year. Sold only to troops and councils registered at National Headquarters. Write today for FREE sample of new Treasure Chest Cookie Package and complete information. No obligation.

GRENNAN BAKERIES, INC.
844 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

HANDICRAFT

Basketry, Beadcraft, Claycraft, Reed, Raffia, Leathercraft, Metalcraft, Weaving, Looms and Loom-Weaving Supplies.

Send 10c for Catalog.

AMERICAN REEDCRAFT CORPORATION
Dept. A.G., 130 Beekman St., New York City

WHAT'S ON THE AIR?

This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Programs are sponsored by Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting Company. The time indicated is Daylight Saving Time.

Please check the times by your local newspaper.

SUNDAYS, P. M.		8:00-8:30 NBC-Blue	<i>Musical Americana</i> —An all-American musical program designed to make Americans better acquainted with the truly fine music which our country has produced and is producing. Keyed to all musical tastes, <i>Musical Americana</i> hopes to win over those who look down on American popular music and, at the same time, to inspire a keener appreciation of serious music in those who "can't understand it" or "just don't care for it."
2:30-2:55 CBS	<i>So You Think You Know Music</i> —A musical quiz program.		
7:00-7:30 CBS	<i>The World This Week</i> —Columbia correspondents in Europe and the United States review the news of the week.		
8:30-9:00 NBC-Red	<i>One Man's Family</i> —Widely popular drama of family life, and recently voted the best dramatic serial on the air. Teddy, the young girl in the family, is Girl Scout age.		
9:00-10:00 CBS	<i>Ford Sunday Evening Hour</i> —Detroit Symphony with famous musical artists as guests.	2:00-2:30 NBC-Blue	<i>Your Voice and You</i> —This program includes monologues and sketches which are amusing as well as instructive and show the right and wrong uses of the voice.
10:30-11:00 CBS	<i>The Columbia Workshop</i> —Unusual radio dramas, using the latest sound effects and radio techniques.	2:30-2:45 MBS	<i>Radio Garden Club</i> (See Mondays): July 5, program to be announced; July 12, Tree Planting on Business Streets; July 19, The Tragedy of Errors; July 26, Garden Mathematics: Multiplication.
MONDAYS, P. M.		4:15-4:30 CBS	<i>Exploring Space</i> —Dramatizations of stories of constellations and planets by the director of Adler Planetarium in Chicago: July 5, Mars—Is Life Elsewhere than on Earth? July 12, Jupiter and Saturn—Worlds Larger than Our Own; July 19, The Planets, Unknown When the Week Was Made—Uranus, Neptune, Pluto; July 26, Between the Planets—Asteroids, Comets, Meteors.
2:30-2:45 MBS	<i>Radio Garden Club</i> —Conducted by Agricultural Extension Service at Rutgers University in cooperation with various Garden Clubs and Brooklyn Botanical Garden: July 1, Weed Control with Chemicals; July 8, "Wrassling" with Ragweed; July 15, Plants from Layers; July 22, Plants for Finland; July 29, Bulb Beauty.	10:45-11:00 NBC-Red	<i>Human Nature in Action</i> —Dramatized portraits: July 5, Buddha; July 12, The Crusaders; July 19, Elizabethan England; July 26, The Industrial Revolution.
5:00-5:15 NBC-Blue	<i>Irene Wicker's Musical Stories</i> (Mondays through Fridays)—The "Singing Lady" dramatizes a variety of stories.		
8:30-9:00 NBC-Red	<i>Voice of Firestone</i> —Symphony Orchestra directed by Alfred Wallenstein, with Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks alternating as soloists.		
TUESDAYS, P. M.		11:15-11:30 MBS	<i>This Wonderful World</i> —Girls and boys take part in a nature quiz program which is conducted from the Hayden Planetarium.
1:30-1:45 NBC-Red	<i>Nature Sketches</i> —Broadcasts of Raymond Gregg's informal wayside chats with his nature class as they hike through Rocky Mountain National Park Tuesday afternoons. July 2, The Shady Trail; July 9, Trees, Fire, and the Elements; July 16, Life at Bear Lake; July 23, Unseen Life; July 30, Life in an Aspen Grove.	11:30-12:00 NBC-Blue	<i>Our Barn</i> —Madge Tucker, known to children everywhere as "The Lady Next Door," presents a series of weekly shows from her famous "barn" with child actors she has trained.
8:30-9:00 NBC-Blue	<i>Information, Please</i> —Celebrities and intellectuals are put "on the spot" to answer questions sent in by listeners.	12:30-1:00 CBS	<i>Let's Pretend</i> —Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.
9:00-9:30 NBC-Blue	<i>Cavalcade of America</i> —A dramatic presentation of the mighty course of American life, through the stories of the men and women who have molded it.	12:30-1:30 NBC-Blue	<i>National Farm and Home Hour</i> —Presented in cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, this program offers the latest and best farm and home information available to farm families and provides music and other entertainment.
WEDNESDAYS, P. M.		1:15-1:30 NBC-Red	<i>Calling All Stamp Collectors</i> —News and information of interest to philatelists, presented in cooperation with the National Federation of Stamp Clubs.
2:30-2:45 MBS	<i>Rutgers Homemaker's Forum</i> —Children's Story-Telling Hour. During July and August, stories of high adventure, facts, history, and wild animals will be told. Book lists will be supplied to boys and girls who are interested.	1:15-1:30 CBS	<i>Highways to Health</i> —Medical talks for the layman, arranged by the New York Academy of Medicine. Dr. Iago Galdston, Secretary.
THURSDAYS, P. M.		2:00-2:15 NBC-Red	<i>I'm an American</i> —Distinguished naturalized Americans will appear as guests on a series devoted to dramatization of the privileges, responsibilities, and possibilities of the American way. This will be done in cooperation with the immigration and naturalization service of the U. S. Department of Labor.
4:15-4:30 CBS	<i>Adventures in Science</i> —Prominent scientists are interviewed about current scientific news.		
6:15-6:30 CBS	<i>Outdoors with Bob Edge</i> —A hunting and fishing expert recounts anecdotes and stories of out-of-door adventures, and furnishes useful information to sporting and nature enthusiasts.		

Be sure to check times by your newspaper. The programs as presented here were as accurate as the broadcasting companies and WHAT'S ON THE AIR? could make them, at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise in the studios sometimes necessitate eleventh-hour changes in program listings.

outside the Lodge. There, limp on the ground a dozen yards from the cabin, lay Tank.

Lifting the boy's head, as Hedda and the others rushed from the cabin, she felt Tank's chest for bullet wounds. She was still groping when Dave Bigelow came up.

"Tank ain't hurt none," he said quietly. In his hand, he held a string of burnt firecrackers—small ones bunched to go off *rat-tat-tat*—and he pointed to the remains of two large ones by the Lodge door. "Looks to me like some kind of prank," he said.

Ellen stiffened. So that was it. Tank had planned to frighten her when she went out for her morning dip, but she had come downstairs before he had finished laying his trap. So he had pretended to be Nash the gangster. What a pal!

Abruptly, Ellen dropped Tank's head. Then she laughed aloud. For by discovering Tank's deception and turning so violently on him with the rifle, she had indeed turned the tables—driven him into his own trap.

Evidently believing that she really thought him Nash, the gangster, and was about to shoot him, Tank had rushed madly from the cabin, only to be greeted by the firecrackers—now forgotten—which he had intended for Ellen. Utterly unstrung by the speed and shock of events, he had fainted. Again Ellen laughed.

And as Hedda Vaughn, practical as usual, poured half a bucket of icy well water over Tank's pale face, she found herself trembling—and laughed for the third time. There was a forgiving note in her laugh this time.

"Look, Tank," she cried as the boy's eyelids slowly opened, "I'm—I'm all *unlaxed*!"

Dazed, Tank gazed sheepishly into the faces of the surrounding group. "B-b-boy!" he said, with a deep breath as he turned to Ellen. "Relaxing you *was* almost the last act of my life!"

FAIR WAY to a JOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

wrote this on here." A stubby finger went out to trace the autograph.

Click went the shutter on the camera.

"Now for Tom's surprise!" Cynthia quickly changed the film, reassuring herself that the focus was still correct. The surprise was a stamp, a pale-green one of England's two little princesses. She had begged it from a guard at the British building.

"Oh, boy!" Tommy studied the stamp through the magnifying glass Cyn handed him.

From behind the camera, she asked innocently, "How many stamps like that have you, Tom?"

The boy looked up, the stamp between thumb and finger. "Why, only *one*!"

As he said "one," Cynthia pressed her cable release. "That's just fine. Now for the refreshments." Again she dipped into the bag and out came oranges and paper cups. The boys squeezing the juice into the cups ought to make a cute picture.

Moving the camera to get a different angle, she noticed a motor chair parked behind her on the walk, as close to the gardens as the driver could get. Funny how she could spot Derwood out of all the dozens of chair guides. She gave a hasty glance at his passenger—an old man wrapped up in a steamer rug, with just a bit of face and gray hair showing under a felt hat.

Had Derwood brought his passenger here to see the garden? It was lovely with its

beds of glowing red tulips. And the trees! Again she marveled that they could be growing here on what, a few years ago, was a public dump.

Or had Derwood come here, hoping for a chat with her? He oughtn't to do that, for he was being paid to push that creature around and he ought to stick to his job. Cynthia pretended not to see him.

Buck had swallowed his fruit juice before Tom had even started squeezing his orange. Now his expression, as he watched his brother enjoying his share, was so comical that Cyn had to snap it. Before she could plan another pose, the boys spied a toad behind a bench and simply vanished. Well, she had done pretty well for one day. She lifted off her camera and began to fold up her tripod.

Behind the passenger's back, Derwood motioned for her to come over. What could he want? Reluctantly, she stepped from the garden.

The wrapped-up passenger stared at Cynthia. "So you're the young lady who wants to be a photographer?"

Cyn glanced again at the figure in the chair. Why, it wasn't a man at all, but a woman—an elderly woman with a mannish haircut.

"Why, yes—" she began.

The woman cut in briskly. "I have enjoyed watching you work. This young man told me I would. You don't look like a photographer, though—too neat, too young, too feminine, with that big hat and that knitting!"

Cynthia wondered if she should explain that the bag did not hold knitting.

"You have a way with children," the passenger went on. "Those pictures are really posed, though no one will ever know it. Not even Buck and Tommy themselves. Where are the scamps now?"

How did she know the boys' names? Derwood must have told her. Probably she had confided to him that she just loved twins.

"I like your courage in shooting against the light," continued the old lady. "Most beginners fight shy of that. But I want to ask one question. Why did you make Tom say 'one'?"

Cynthia grinned. "Well, you see, he's rather sober. Buck's always all smiles. But Tommy's smiles are rare. If you tell a child to smile, he gives a sickly, forced grin—but when you get him to say 'one,' the corners of his mouth go up and the effect is a nice smile."

"Did you think that up yourself?"

The girl nodded. "Lots of other words do the same thing. 'Cap,' for instance."

"Miss Cynthia Day, you're good," the passenger said. "We'll give you a job."

"Give me a job?" Her head swam in bewilderment.

Before the other could answer, the twins came racing up, bearing the captured toad in a paper cup. "Look what we've got! Hello, Great-Aunt Agatha! Hi-yah, Derwood!"

Aunt Agatha! Cynthia stared at Derwood's passenger. "You mean you're Molly Pierce's aunt? And you'll hire me?" she stammered.

"Of course, I mean it. Molly was right, and I was wrong. Or perhaps I wasn't at the time. You've improved in handling children in the last two weeks, haven't you?"

"I really have. I saw my fault and set about correcting it. I've had a grand opportunity, being with the twins like this."

"Well, I'm glad I came to-day. Molly told

(Continued on page 41)



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

OUR TOWN. What you will take away from this beautiful adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play will not be the characters, or events, or scenes pictured, exquisitely done as they are, but people and simple incidents evoked from your own childhood and youth which you will wish you had held more dearly at the time. For the picture is an eloquent plea to realize the beauty of life while we are living it. Frank Craven, as the narrator, takes the audience into his confidence about what is going to happen so that action and conflict, those time-honored ingredients of drama, are minimized. But the direction and photography supply suspense in the way that brush strokes and paint can make a familiar landscape dramatic and moving. The cast is perfectly chosen. (Un. Art.)



Martha Scott and William Holden, perfectly cast as the young bride and groom in *OUR TOWN*

Good

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS. Anne Shirley as vice-principal of a small Canadian high school has to overcome the opposition of the town's self-appointed boss, an unscrupulous spinster (Ethel Griffiths). Two romances, a host of quaint characters, and pleasant acting. (RKO)

CAPTAIN IS A LADY, THE. Charles Coburn in a film version of the play, "Old Lady 31." Out of funds, a retired sea captain sends his wife (Beulah Bondi) to an Old Ladies' Home, but the authorities, hating to separate the devoted couple, allow him to stay, too. There's a happy ending when the captain rescues a ship and buys back their home. (MGM)

FLIGHT ANGELS. Air-minded girls will enjoy this story of air-line hostesses and the daily emergencies they are trained to meet. Characters and events are not always convincing, but this is because the romance and comedy have been heightened. Virginia Bruce and Dennis Morgan are likable as the stewardess and pilot whose marriage runs into air pockets, and Jane Wyman and Wayne Morris provide laughs with their farcical love affair. (Warner)

GHOST BREAKERS, THE. In *The Cat and the Canary*, Bob Hope proved himself a brave but nervous hero in the face of ghosts, murders, sliding panels, and clutching hands. *The Ghost Breakers* takes Bob to a haunted castle in Cuba, but since he is again protecting Paulette Goddard from unseen enemies, you may be sure his shaking knees rise to the occasion. This is a highly amusing mystery thriller. (Para.)

GIRL IN 313. A girl detective (Florence Rice) goes after a gang of jewel thieves in a well made "crime does not pay" film. New plot twists and good performances. (Fox)

LA CONGA NIGHTS. Hugh Herbert, impersonating six characters—a wealthy realtor, his mother, and four sisters—is extremely funny. The music is gay and the story amusing. (Univ.)

LILLIAN RUSSELL. Despite a beautiful production, the story and principal characterizations (those of Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Henry Fonda) remain ineffective. Moreover, Alice Faye conveys

little of Lillian Russell's legendary magnetism. This can be recommended, however, as a lavish musical film studded with stars of yesteryear—Weber and Fields in person, Eddie Foy impersonated by his son, Tony Pastor (Leo Carrillo), Gilbert and Sullivan (Nigel Bruce and Claude Allister), and others. (Fox)

NEW MOON. Sigmund Romberg's tuneful operetta has been used as a basis for a new Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald musical film. New Orleans in 1780 provides the colorful locale and the story has a romantic period piece plot—a nobleman in disguise sold as a slave to the fine lady who has already fallen in love with him aboard ship. Later she discovers his true identity as an enemy of the king, but love and the French Revolution triumph over all. Beautifully staged, delightfully sung and acted. (MGM)

Good Westerns

COVERED WAGON DAYS. Western fans won't complain about this latest vehicle for the Three Mesquiteers, though the plot is overly familiar. (Rep.)

COVERED WAGON TRAILS. Jack Randall gives us pure action in a fast-paced Western *sans* singing. (Mono.)

STAGECOACH WAR. A sensational race between two stagecoaches, and the unusual circumstance that Hopalong Cassidy's pal (Russell Hayden) is the real hero instead of the intrepid Cassidy (William Boyd), make this a Western with a difference. Excellent production. (Para.)

GAUCHO SERENADE. A nice youngster (Clifford Severn) in the cast and Gene Autry at his best and kindest make this a pleasing Western. There are more songs than usual and several fresh twists to the plot. (Rep.)

PRAIRIE LAW. George O'Brien Westerns are always a little above average. (RKO)

RIDERS FROM NOWHERE. Jack Randall climbs the ladder from cowboy to sheriff. (Mono.)

YOUNG BUFFALO BILL. An exceptionally good Western, starring Roy Rogers. (Rep.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Good

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS

CAPTAIN IS A LADY, THE

NEW MOON

Good Westerns

COVERED WAGON DAYS

COVERED WAGON TRAILS

GAUCHO SERENADE

PRAIRIE LAW

STAGECOACH WAR

RIDERS FROM NOWHERE

YOUNG BUFFALO BILL

CATCH THESE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD FOR ALL THE FAMILY

America's Youth—1940—The March of Time

The Biscuit Eater

Buck Benny Rides Again

Edison, The Man

If I Had My Way

Irene

Young Tom Edison

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading



VACATION days mean more good times with books—because, whether you are to spend your summer at home, in camp, in travel, or on visits with friends and relatives, you will want books. A book can turn a rainy day, or what otherwise might be a lonesome day, into a glorious adventure.

Many of the volumes which have come to my desk recently tell of fascinating exploits on or near rivers. There is a whole series of books called *Rivers of America*, published by Farrar and Rinehart. Thus far they are: *Kennebec*; *Upper Mississippi*; *Savannee River*; *Powder River*; *The James*; *The Hudson*; *The Sacramento*, and *The Wabash*. These are the type of books that will help you to appreciate what the early explorers, pioneers, and settlers found when they penetrated the wilderness. The accounts make history very real and alive. Until you read of the life along the rivers, you cannot imagine how important these avenues of communication were in determining the fate of our country.

For example, it was in 1669 that Robert de La Salle explored the Ohio River in a canoe, and became the discoverer of the Wabash. It is awesome to think of him traveling alone on the yellow waters of the Ohio in the middle of the winter, through the hazards of floating ice and currents of swollen streams. George Rogers Clark marched his little army two hundred and forty miles through flooded land, for nineteen days, to capture Fort Vincennes on the Wabash. These brave men marched the last three days without food, at a rate of only three miles a day, through water that was at all times up to the men's knees and often up to the heads of the shorter soldiers. Tecumseh, Robert Owen, Abraham Lincoln, and James Whitcomb Riley are some of the other famous names that are closely associated with the early history of the Wabash. The book about the river, called simply *The Wabash*, is by William E. Wilson.

Son of the Danube (Viking), by Boris G. Petroff, is the adventurous tale of Mitko, and his friends, Boyan and Stoyan. The author grew up in Bulgaria and experienced many of the events which make up this unusual story. The hero decides he will travel as a stowaway to Vienna on his father's boat, but, alas, Mitko finds that his cubbyhole is very hot and stuffy. After the would-be stowaway emerges from his torture chamber, there is a thunderlike roar. Curiosity and sentiment spoil the carefully planned expedition. Instead of astonishing the world by feats of reckless valor, Mitko finds himself called upon to become a petty salvager, a searcher for half-submerged suitcases, lunch baskets, and baby toys. A buried treasure, boats, water and ice sports, and dangerous adventures make a thrilling river story.

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of The American Library Association Board for Work with Children and Young People and Specialist in School Libraries for the Office of Education, United States Department of the Interior

Little Whirlwind (Macmillan), by Margaret Ann Hubbard, is a story about Charity Mackenzie who was renamed "Little Whirlwind" by one of the old Medicine Men of the Chippewas, after he found how strong and fearless she was. This Medicine Man laughed heartily when Charity appeared as a gaunt spirit on the shores of Echo Lake and succeeded in paying back Jeen-go, a little Indian girl, for her rude behavior to the white children. Charity, or Chatty as she was called, seemed to find it easier to have adventures on the river than to behave like Barbara Guthrie who was always a lady. Though Chatty was always in trouble, she also helped others out of danger. It was she who was sent as a lone messenger to carry the news of an attack planned by the warlike Sioux on the little village located on the Turtle River.

There is another heroine (with whom you are acquainted through your own AMERICAN GIRL) who does not seem to know the meaning of the word "impossible." She is Lucy Ellen in the book which bears her name (Farrar and Rinehart), by Frances Fitzpatrick Wright. After you read *Little Whirlwind* you can decide if these two girls would have been pals if they had lived at the same time. The *Lucy Ellen* stories have been rearranged so that, in their present form, Lucy Ellen looks back at an eventful sixteenth year. It is fun to have the episodes all bound together in a book. Do you remember how Lucy Ellen was to go up in a plane with Ken Murray on the Fourth of July? There are some good laughs in the chapter—for example, the description of Phoebe lying in the glider on the porch, in red linen slacks, eating fudge and reading *Vanity Fair*. And Phoebe's remark about how exciting she found her book, though she couldn't understand how Thackeray knew so much about life when he lived so long ago.

Lucy Ellen's appendix operation makes me think of Ludwig Bemelman's picture story, *Madeline* (Simon and Schuster), which is a delightful bird's-eye view of Paris in general, and of Madeline and what her schoolmates think of her appendix operation in particular.

Oxus in Summer (Macmillan), by Katha-

rine Hull and Pamela Whitlock, continues the adventures of the Clevertons and Maurice in Exmoor country, on foot, in swimming, on horseback, playing games, and building tree houses. What jolly times these two young authors must have, writing about English children who love their ponies and their dog, and, of course, the great out of doors. If you missed reading *The Far Distant Oxus* and *Escape to Persia*, you will want to add them to your list after you know these friends who spend their summers in the open. These English boys and girls also have their difficulties. Maurice is misunderstood by the Clevertons. When the children discover that they are mistaken in their suspicions of Maurice, there is no rest until Maurice knows why they acted as they did. This is another grand vacation story. If you are spending your holiday in a city, this book will almost make you feel as though you, too, have been for a gallop on the moors.

Are you looking for a good mystery tale? *Mystery Off Pirate's Point* (Farrar and Rinehart), by Leda Wadsworth, introduces the twins, Tony and Steve Lawrence, on a vacation with their mother and little brother, Rick, off the West Coast. Steve, you will soon find, decides things for the twins—even the important question of continuing the weekly newspaper. Ellen Patricia, known as Pat, also spends the summer with her father in a large, usually deserted house. After Steve breaks his leg, things begin to happen. Tony finds that he can not escape making decisions. The passengers on the mysterious motor boat which is often heard speeding into the cove at night, will be a surprise to you.

You may want short stories to read aloud. *Best Short Stories* (Row, Peterson), selected and compiled by Carol Ryrie Brink, contains twenty-seven stories which have appeared in 1939 magazines for boys and girls. Four of the stories were published in THE AMERICAN GIRL—*For Horebound's Sake* by Leslie Warren, an amusing Girl Scout escapade; *Vic Puts on the Dog* by Helen Diehl Olds, a profitable summer's experience; *Two Guitars* by Margaret Carver Leighton, an exciting adventure on a ranch; and *She Shall Have Music* by Cyra Temple Horne, a tale of kittens and a piano.

Picnic Adventures, edited by Elizabeth Gilman (Farrar and Rinehart), is just what you would expect from reading the title—a collection of stories by various authors, telling of all kinds of picnics. They include an Iowa picnic of thirty years ago at which there were plenty of fried chicken, deviled eggs, angel-food cake, and pop; a Nantucket picnic which almost ended in an accident in the surf; a Walden picnic with Thoreau and the Alcotts, who bring a turtle and a Christ-

mas dinner; an Australian picnic at which you meet strange animals and learn about "boiling the Billy"; and other picnics, too numerous to mention, which make up a volume that is sure to become a favorite.

If you are journeying into Pennsylvania, or interested in Pennsylvania Dutch art, you will enjoy looking at *Lorinia*, a tale of the Pennsylvania country (Scribner), written and illustrated by Katherine Milhous. It is a short story, but the author-artist uses pictures to add the color and interesting details of the life of these "plain people."

Should you be spending your vacation in the Middle West, *Log Cabin Family* (Scribner), by Madeline D. Horn, with illustrations by Francis McCray, will give you a glimpse

into the experiences of the pioneers who settled the country and lived in log cabins. It may be difficult to imagine that there was no newspaper to print some of the episodes of the Connor family. Mrs. Horn has told so vividly of life at that time that you will almost feel as though you were one of the Bishop children who came to live as neighbors in the Prairie State.

I would like to add just one more book, *Little Lauri of Finland* (Grosset), by Bernadine Bailey. You have heard much of the tragedy of Finland this year, but this little book gives you an idea of the modern boys and girls who live in Helsinki, and what fun it was for Lauri to show a group of American boys the sights of the town before the war.

FAIR WAY to a JOB

me to look for you and the children here. I was afraid it'd be worse than hunting for the proverbial needle in a haystack. But luck was with me. I asked this young man, when I engaged his chair, if he'd noticed a girl with a camera and twin boys who'd been visiting the Fair every day for the past two weeks—and he brought me right to you! It seems that you and he are old friends."

Derwood nodded at Cynthia. "The description was perfect. And as I knew where you were likely to be about this time of day,

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

and she is treated exactly like the rest of them.

Virginia, who was thirteen on March twenty-first of this year, is the youngest of the three girls, and the special pal of fourteen-year-old George. Sylvia, twenty, and Renee, eighteen, are the two older girls, while the "in-betweens" are sixteen-year-old Walt and seventeen-year-old Warner.

When Virginia was very young, one of the favorite pastimes of the Weidler children was play acting. They even had their own "stock company." Their garage served admirably for a stage, with the back part partitioned off for dressing rooms. The neighborhood grocery store was regularly besieged for donations of apple boxes and orange crates, which were set up in neat aisles in the driveway for the seats.

The curtains in the Weidler Theater were really fancy. With the help of some orange dye in a bucket of water, several well-worn sheets were transformed into curtains of such splendor they made you blink. Costumes were fashioned from odds and ends found in the rag bag, imagination supplying whatever might be lacking.

The day of a new show was always exciting. Each one ran around with two or three jobs on his mind as, among them, they had to be members of the cast, stage hands, director, and manager all at once. Virginia, being the youngest, usually was allowed to be ticket seller, and she had two kinds of admissions to offer: a five-cent ticket with refreshments, and a two-cent ticket which entitled you to see the show only. When everyone was seated, she would hurry back stage and wriggle into her costume. The curtain-puller would draw back the curtains, announce the play, and then disappear to don his own costume.

The plays were always original, the collaboration of all six children, and were usually written in two acts. During the intermission, lemonade and cookies were served to

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

I brought Miss Pierce directly to the spot." "I happened to confide to him on the way here who I was," admitted Aunt Agatha. "And now, I'm going to take the twins home with me for dinner, and you and this young man may want to stay for those Lagoon fountains—I hear they're very fine."

As the girl stammered her thanks, Miss Agatha Pierce regarded her with an amused twinkle. "You'd better celebrate, Cynthia. This is an occasion. The Molly Pierce Studio doesn't hire an assistant every day!"

VIRGINIA WEIDLER

all those with five-cent tickets. One job of the playwrights was to write a big enough part in the play for small Virginia, a part that would keep her busy on the stage during the first act, lest she disappear back stage and half the refreshments with her!

Although they have now outgrown giving plays in the garage, the young Weidlers still have good times doing things together. They all love to swim, and one of their recent projects was the building of a swimming pool at their San Fernando Valley ranch home near Hollywood. It is an oblong pool, thirty-six feet by eighteen, with a small diving platform. They drew up their own plans and built it themselves, of bricks and plaster and homemade cement. It was all done without the help and advice of grown-ups, and for only seventy-two dollars. The whole neighborhood comes over to share it with them—and are they proud of their creation? Just ask Virginia! She was there, digging and bricklaying with the rest of them, and has a sixth interest in the pool.

They also built a badminton court, and now Virginia is an ardent badminton player. She is something of a tomboy and likes to do anything that is out of doors. If she is not working at the Studio on a Saturday afternoon, she is happy when one of the boys suggests a game of scrub baseball for the gang. Sometimes she and her brothers and sisters rent horses and go riding. Virginia is crazy about horseback riding; if she were a Girl Scout, she would have no trouble in qualifying for the Horsewoman badge.

Another of her favorite sports is bicycling. Every Sunday morning she and her mother get up at five-thirty to go out for a bike ride before breakfast. Recently, when Virginia was working hard and long on a picture, the boys built a bicycle track around their two-acre ranch as a surprise for her. It has bumps and hollows, a couple of bridges, and even a miniature "jump" on the order of a ski jump. She loves to get out on her bicycle with her

A friendly guide to manners,
appearance and personality

Cues FOR You

by Mildred Graves
Ryan

Helpful, practical answers
on questions that perplex
girls and boys in their teens.
Amusing illustrations. \$2.00

D. APPLETON-CENTURY CO. 35 W 32nd St., N. Y.

BIG PROFITS FOR YOUR TROOP TREASURY

Over a million **SUNFLOWER DISH CLOTHS** were sold in 1939 by clubs, lodges, etc. No risk. Unsold goods returnable. Finest quality cloths.

SAMPLE FREE TO TROOP LEADERS
SANGAMON MILLS COHOES, N.Y.

YARN Send for 600 FREE Samples
Take advantage of our new lower
prices on yarns—We sell at whole-
sale as well as retail.

YARN NOVELTY CO., (42-BE) North 9th St., Phila., Pa.

Judges in the Song Contest

The following distinguished persons have consented to act as judges in the Girl Scout Prize Song Contest, the rules of which were announced in the April AMERICAN GIRL:

MR. OLIN DOWNES, music critic of *The New York Times*

MR. HUGH ROSS, Conductor of the Schola Cantorum of New York City

MR. SIGMUND SPAETH, "The Tune Detective" of the radio and author of many popular books on music

MRS. ARTHUR O. CHOATE, Honorary Vice-President of Girl Scouts, Inc., and sponsor of the contest for a Girl Scout Prize Song

brothers and race them all around the track.

She has always enjoyed snapping pictures with her little box camera, but it has been twice as much fun since the boys gave her a developing set for Christmas. Whenever she and George get several rolls of film exposed, they set up their equipment in the bathroom, screw in a dim red light, don rubber aprons, and go to work. They won't say their results always look professional, but they are always proud of their pictures. Virginia also has a coloring outfit, and loves to tint the snapshots when she has any spare time.

One of the favorite outings of the Weidler family is a trip to the beach. They often take a picnic supper along, for they have hearty appetites after a cold, salty battle with the breakers.

Virginia helps with the cooking whenever she gets home from work in time, as the Weidlers have no servants. Setting the table is one of her regular household duties, as are drying the dishes and doing the daily dusting. The last two jobs she heartily detests, but her sisters and brothers all have their tasks and she tries not to fall down on hers.

Once in a while she will come home tired from a hard day's work and try to beg out of drying dishes, or setting the table, or doing something else she doesn't like. Her brothers and sisters soon cure her of that. "Oh, well," one of them will say dramatically, "why should she? She's a movie star!" Or one of the boys will warn, "Now don't go trying

(Continued on page 43)

FOR ALL SUMMER

*BE A BRIGHT SPOT ON THE
SCENE IN YOUR GAY COTTONS*

428 is a three-piece ensemble with pinafore, shorts, and blouse. You'll like the big pockets especially. Sizes are 12 to 18.

441 is companion to the pinafore at the left, making a Big and Little Sister act. The wide belt hugs your waist-line. Sizes are 2 to 8

434 has both a daytime and evening version, with a square neck-line, flaring skirt, and two lace-trimmed pockets. Sizes 12 to 20

404 is a dress you'll live in, with its front-buttoned bodice and full skirt that flaunts two pockets. Sizes are 12 to 42

Fifteen cents each



These Hollywood Patterns, especially selected for readers of this magazine, may be purchased through THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to state size when ordering

VIRGINIA WEIDLER

that movie stuff on us!" She usually goes ahead and does what she is supposed to do, then, without another word.

For outside reading, Virginia delights in mystery stories, and she was overjoyed last Christmas to find a whole box of assorted mystery books sent her by a producer friend. She often brings them to work with her, for her stand-in to read. Her favorite book of all, however, is *The Secret Garden* by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and she would love to play in a movie version of the story. The Studio was reported to have been considering it for her, but they had not decided who should be cast as the little crippled boy in the book.

Best loved of all the motion pictures Virginia has seen is *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. She saw it three times, and would like to see it again if she had the chance. *Pinocchio* comes in second, so she may be rated as an "A number 1" Disney fan.

As she is now thirteen, Virginia is finishing Grade 8-A in her school work. French and German and spelling she likes, but she is not enthusiastic about her arithmetic problems.

If you were to visit her on the set of *All This and Heaven, Too*, you might find her deep in study at a rough board table. She and June Lockhart, with their stand-ins, would be seated on benches, or old prop chairs; and if they were doing their French lessons, Charles Boyer would probably be in their midst, trying to help them.

At the other end of the table Ann Todd and her stand-in might be reviewing their multiplication tables, or working on their geography. All around is clattering, shouting, and the buzzing of Klieg lights, but the girls go on with their studies as if they were in a quiet classroom. Only when the director calls, "All children on the set!" do they drop their school work.

If they were working on the Hallowe'en scene in the woods, you would find them in quaint, old-fashioned clothes. When the call comes for a new scene, Virginia smooths down the full-skirted gray wool coat trimmed with gray fur, which she is wearing, and picks up her muff. She stops long enough for the hairdresser to adjust a few curls and the make-up expert to apply a little more orange powder to her face.

SING for your SUPPER

in the miner's cabin burning, and around it the Dramatic Company fidgeted and yawned sleepily. The troupe never came to sparkling life until noon.

As the day wore on, their spirits became as overcast as the sky. They could not put on their show in the open air with rain threatening. Grand Patrick said, "It makes my gorge rise to think of that Countess, with her airs and graces, holding down the Opera House—and we with no place to give our play. We've as much right to the Opera House as Her Highness."

Mother, who always judged others by her own generosity, said, "Maybe now, if we asked her quite friendly-like, she'd consent to us having the theater one night, and herself the next. Many's the time we've let another troupe take a turn at using our stage." Yes, many a time the Dramatic Company of the Rockies had lent a helping hand to a magician's show, or an animal act. It was the

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

The set covers a large corner of one of the big Warner Brothers sound stages. Huge, lifelike plaster trees with real branches "grow" from the dirt covered floor. Around the background are hung huge back-drops painted with more distant trees, giving you the illusion of being in the depths of a forest. The lights are fairly dim, and in front of an old log house a fire burns fitfully. Powdered borax is sprinkled over the ground and against the trunks of the trees, giving an impression of snow patches.

"Ready, now!" the director calls. "Let's rehearse this scene."

Charles Boyer, who plays the part of the unfortunate Duc de Praslin, father of the four children, is stationed just outside of camera range, to the left. He will make his entrance in the middle of the scene.

Christian Rub, playing the old gamekeeper who lives in the log hut, is motioned to his place by the fire. (If you notice his resemblance to Geppetto in *Pinocchio*, don't be surprised. He was used for a model in the drawings, and his voice is used for Geppetto's voice on the sound track.)

Then Bette Davis, who plays Henriette, the governess, takes her place at the fire with the four children around her. June Lockhart is Isabelle, the oldest girl; Virginia plays the part of the sympathetic Louise; Ann Todd is the round-faced Berthe; and little Richard Nichols plays the part of the frail and sickly Raynold.

Each is told what to do, and the scene is rehearsed several times. Virginia takes her work seriously, listens carefully to everything the director says, and nearly always does her part perfectly. Later, as you chat with her between shootings, you discover that underneath her seriousness she is as gay and likable as any girl you know.

In fact, you soon realize that while Virginia Weidler may not know the Girl Scout laws, she lives up to them. She is honest and friendly. Whether at home, or working on the lot, she tries to make herself useful. She is cheerful, kind, and as thrifty as Ben Franklin. She may not wear an official green uniform with an embroidered GS on the collar, or the trefoil pin on the knot of a gay tie—but down inside, I think Virginia Weidler has the characteristics of a real Girl Scout.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

give and take of the road. "Do you go ask her," Mother added to Grand Patrick, "and mind now, in your best wheedling manner."

Mother gave Dora a nod as she said, "Go with him, Dora," and Dora rightly interpreted the nod as meaning, "See that he's friendly and diplomatic."

Under gray skies Dora and Grand Patrick walked to the one hotel in Oratown, where the Countess de Braganza and her troupe were staying. This corner, where the false front of the two-story hotel loomed higher than the lower buildings of the street, was the heart of the little town. Dora stopped short. "Oh, Grand Patrick, I should have got up early this morning and sent my letter to Aunt Hitty on the stage with Ferzen!"

"You can give it to him when he comes in to-morrow," Grand Patrick said.

From the hotel corner, Ferzen had left in his stagecoach at daybreak that morning. He

(Continued on page 45)



And let MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP give your bare legs the same velvety attractiveness it does to face, neck and arms

Try the new *Hawaiian* or any of the 4 other shades of

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

2 1/2 & 5 1/2 oz. at cosmetic counters; trial size at 10c stores
FREE Generous Sample

Send coupon and 3¢ stamp

HAWAIIAN ☐ MINER'S 12 E 12th St. Dept A-70, New York, N.Y.
SUNTAN ☐ I enclose 3¢ stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me
PEACH ☐ generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-up FREE!
RASHELLE ☐ Name _____
BRUNETTE ☐ Address _____

Do your thoughts
often turn to
GIRL GUIDES
and
GIRL SCOUTS
of other lands whose
countries are at war?

There's a way every Girl Scout can help her sister Guides and Scouts in war-torn lands—by sending **friendship pennies to the Juliette Low Memorial Fund**. The needs for the Fund grow steadily greater as the war spreads; opportunities to help members of the organization in great distress are developing constantly. The National Juliette Low Committee is trying to follow up every appeal for aid, and is therefore counting on Girl Scouts to send their friendship pennies to make this response possible. The Juliette Low member on your local council will be glad to give further information to you and your troop.

YARN AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS
Surprise Gift Offer, FREE instructions, sample book, 1001 colors, New Style Flash, 73 New Models, Free, Write
WOOL TRADING CO., EST. 1920
361 Grand St., 6-7, New York City

ROLLS DEVELOPED

Two Beautiful Double-Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Never Fade Prints, 25c.
CENTURY PHOTO SERVICE, 1a Crosse, Wis.

NAME TAPES 100 for 60c

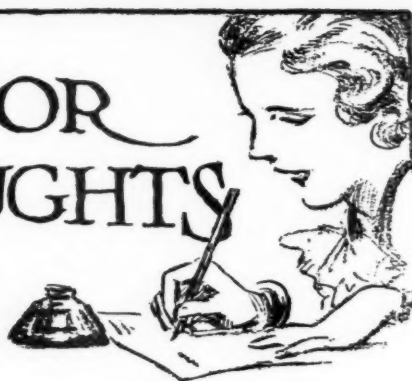
Washable name labels, with your name printed on washproof ribbon in black ink, for camp, school and travel.

ACME TIP PRINT CO.

791 Sixth Avenue New York, N.Y.



A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



OUR NAMESAKE PATROL

GARY, INDIANA: I have received sixteen copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and as soon as I receive them, I read them from cover to cover. I can hardly wait for them to arrive.

I love to read very much. My favorite characters are Bushy and Lofty, Janey Lewis, Phyl and Meg Merriam, and I enjoy stories about Bobo Witherspoon. There hasn't been a story about her for a long time, but I enjoy reading over again the ones I have.

I was pleased to find the articles on *The Play's the Thing* as I am a student in elocution, and I am also directing the troop play.

I have been a Girl Scout in Troop Three for almost three years. My friends enjoy the magazine also. We named our patrol after it, by calling it The All American Girl Patrol.

I don't think I can express my enjoyment for the magazine. All I can say is "Every girl should read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*."

Patty Coleman

THANK YOU, ANNE

HELSINKI, FINLAND: I was very delighted to receive your *AMERICAN GIRL* and was surprised to see my own picture on your page. I have eagerly read your stories and all the other interesting writings, and I don't wonder why you are so popular. Hoping you will have a good future, I thank you for the refreshment which you have prepared me and thousands of other girls and Girl Scouts.

Greetings from a Finnish Girl Scout to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Anne Erkola
(Juliette Low Girl in 1939)

"WHAT'S ON THE AIR"

BRADLEY BEACH, NEW JERSEY: A year ago I received a subscription to that grand magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, for my birthday. You can imagine how thrilled I was. I have saved every copy and have reread most of them.

I am a Girl Scout and enjoy it immensely, although I have only gone to a few meetings so far. *AMERICAN GIRL* articles on Girl Scouting are very interesting and were one of the things which helped me decide that I wanted to be a Girl Scout.

I will be twelve years old in May and I am in the seventh grade of the Bradley Beach Grammar School. I love to read and I used to find our *Good Times with Books* department very helpful. How come it has not been in the last few issues?

My favorite stories are Lucy Ellen, Midge,

Bushy and Lofty, Phyl and Meg, and Yes-We-Can Janey. I also like the articles on different movie stars. Please have more of them. Since we have had the *What's On the Air?* department I have had many good times out of our radio, listening to the programs mentioned.

I just received my May issue and I think the cover design by S. Wendell Campbell is gorgeous. I am sure I will enjoy all the stories and articles within it. Each magazine gets better and better.

Long live *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and the spirit of youth and friendliness of which it consists!

Muriel Katchen

MARION'S FAVORITES

GRANBY, CONNECTICUT: My sister and I have been getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since November, 1939. We have enjoyed every one of the numbers. I love the Midge stories, and I thought the story *Where Shall I Hide?* was awfully cute.

I am not a Girl Scout, but I would love to be one. I was a Brownie during my first three years of school, and a Girl Guide when I lived in Canada. I was in the fifth grade then. I am twelve years old now and I am in the seventh grade at school.

I hope I will continue getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a long time. It is my favorite magazine.

Marion Urwick

GOING TO SCHOOL IN KOREA

PYENG YANG, KOREA: We are roommates in a boarding school, and we read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* from cover to cover and enjoy it so much. This is a missionary school of about one hundred students, and since not very many of us take this magazine, all of us are eager to see it when it arrives.

The school is located on the outskirts of this city which is on the largest plain in Korea. The campus consists of a soccer field, skating rink, gymnasium, tennis courts, infirmary, school building, and two dormitories. About twenty of the students are day students. The nearest student lives about three hours distant, and the farthest one can make it home in sixteen days. The nationalities are varied—Americans, Canadians, Russians, Latvians, Poles, Lithuanians, Danes, and there have been Germans. The majority, of course, are Americans. We have nine teachers, including a Korean professor who studied in the United States and speaks excellent English. His wife is so sweet and they have the cutest baby.

For our May Day program the freshmen and sophomore girls' clubs are giving a Swedish operetta to entertain the May queen and her court. My roommate and I are in the ninth grade (freshman, as we call it here). We have to do some folk dances which are very simple, too simple for dignified freshmen. Ahem!

There is an epidemic of mumps here in school, and I guess it will go on till everyone gets it. I was one of the first, but my roommate hasn't gotten the beastly things yet. We hope she stays safe.

Keith Newland
Betty Koon

P. S. I'm a girl even if my name doesn't sound like it.

THE GIRL SCOUT SPIRIT

COBDEN, ILLINOIS: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost six months. I enjoy it more thoroughly than any magazine I've ever read. It has so many, many interesting and useful things in it.

A Penny for Your Thoughts is usually the first thing I look for. I like the Yes-We-Can-Janey stories immensely. The articles on plays you have been printing are very interesting as well as instructive. I always look at *What's On the Screen?* to see what the good movies are. I usually have a good reason for going to the ones I especially want to see, then.

There is no Girl Scout troop in my town so I cannot belong. I have wanted to join ever since I found a Girl Scout handbook among some old books. Though I am not a Girl Scout, I use the handbook a great deal. I am a nature lover and I frequently go on long tramps. I read the parts about nature most thoroughly. I try to be like a Girl Scout though I cannot be one.

I am thirteen years old and graduated from the eighth grade this year. I have lived on the farm all my life so I have plenty of time to enjoy nature.

My father and mother both read some in my magazine and enjoy it.

Shirley Biggs

NEW IDEAS

LAKE VILLAGE, ARKANSAS: This is my first year of taking this lovely magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but it ranks first among all the magazines I take. Many of the Girl Scouts in Lake Village take *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and we all bring new ideas to our Scout meetings.

Marlys Ann Cashion

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 14 West 49th St., New York City

SING for your SUPPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

would go through the mining town of Donkeyback, reach Denver City toward evening. He would stay in the city overnight, return to Oratown and this very corner to-morrow evening with passengers and mail.

The hotel boasted a lobby with plate glass windows and much red carpet. At the desk Grand Patrick asked to see the Countess, but was told by the clerk that the Countess had left strict orders that she must not be disturbed until late afternoon. Her maid saw visitors, and took messages to her. "A prima donna in her own mind," Grand Patrick muttered.

"Then talk to her maid," counseled Dora, trying not to clutch her shawl nervously about her. "And do remember and keep to your best manner."

The vacant-faced maid, with her French accent, had evidently acquired a few snobbish airs from her mistress. But Grand Patrick explained that they represented the Dramatic Company of the Rockies; that, as the theater had been put at the Countess's disposal through a misunderstanding, they wondered if she would be kind and generous enough to let them have it for this one night? They would put on their show, then they'd move on and let the Countess keep the theater as long as she liked. Would the maid carry the message to her mistress, please?

Dora sat there, beside Grand Patrick, in a stiff leather chair in the almost empty lobby with its smell of stale cigars and kerosene lamps, and waited anxiously for the answer. When the maid brought it, it was both curt and insulting. No, the Countess would not dream of moving her elaborate scenery to make way for a traveling wagon show.

A wagon show! The maid said it in the same belittling tone she might have said, "A Punch and Judy show!" Dora got to her feet. "I suppose neither you, nor your Countess, ever heard of lovely Mary Mallory and the songs that were written about her! Nor of our Miss Nell, and how all the returning soldiers brought her gifts! And who has ever heard of the Countess de-de—"

It was Grand Patrick who had to grab her arm and shake it to silence her. He bowed with irony to the maid. "Will you be good enough to tell this Countess of Brag, who can't be disturbed, that we are a traveling wagon show—that we've traveled these roads a goodly number of years, and I doubt not but that we'll be traveling them long after her short fling is over."

Outside on the corner, they had to stop a minute to catch their breaths and let their anger cool. Grand Patrick chuckled ruefully, "A fine pair of diplomats we are, eh Ladybird?"

Dora held tighter to his arm, while a great surge of love and sympathy coursed through her. She couldn't bear to think what life would be in Aunt Hitty's three-story house in Lytton Oaks. She cried to the ruddy-faced old man, "Oh, Grand Patrick, we must keep McKean at his play—so he'll get it written and we can put it on—so we can make enough money to buy a chicken farm—so Aunt Hitty won't come out and get me."

Grand Patrick sighed, too. "Indeed we must. We'd have hard shrift of it without you, Ladybird."

Another day of anxiously watching the sky, of knowing gloom and despondency when,

toward evening, gusts of rain slashed against the miner's cabin, misted through the window patched with wrapping paper, and trickled down the already rusty stovepipe. Hittybelle stood at the window, staring out through the dusk and rain. She called out, "I think I see Ferzen bringing in his stage."

"Indeed, yes!" said Grand Patrick. "I can hear his bull's voice, gulderin' at the horses."

"You ought to see how muddy the stage is, and the horses, too!"

"He's late getting in," Mother sighed, "way late."

Dora waited until she thought Ferzen would have eaten his supper at the hotel, then she pushed away the pup who insisted on playing with her shoe. She took the letter to Aunt Hitty from the two-by-four by the door. "I want to be sure and have Ferzen take this letter with him when he leaves to-morrow at daybreak."

Mitie and Hittybelle threw on their capes with the red silk linings and went through the misty rain with Dora to the hotel. They picked their way along muddy walks, across muddier streets. Dora stopped once. "The pup untied the string in this shoe—the shoe's loose on my foot."

"Don't stop in the rain," Hittybelle urged. "Wait till we get in the light by the hotel."

In the brightly lighted, noisy hotel, old

Ferzen was holding forth to the group in the lobby about bits of news he had picked up in Denver City. "Speaker Colfax and some of the bigwigs in Washington are on their way out. Oh, and they're genteel—a-bringin' along their own brand of tea, and their down pillows and sardines. They'll be up to the mining towns to spread cheer to all you miners soon."

He turned, saw Dora and Mitie and Hittybelle, and came over to them. There was a subtlety about the feud between the Dramatic Company in their big wagon and the stage-coach driver. He had no quarrel with them as troupers, but he resented them bitterly as usurpers of the road who would not recognize his supremacy. So now he said with a broad, friendly grin, "I liked to split my sides a-laughin' night before last." He breathed forth a sigh not unlike the heave of one of his own tired horses. "I could stand a laugh or two after that drive up from Denver City. Mud and rain and gumbo. You know how boggy it gets at Sinner's Crossing?"

Hittybelle, the braggart, said, "We never have any trouble there."

Just that reference to their superior driving ability changed Ferzen from a friend to a feudist. "Tut-tut, I doubt if your knock-kneed, shriveled mules could make it."

Dora had no mind for feuding now. She

GOOD NEWS!—A NEW CONTEST WITH CASH PRIZES!

THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine sponsors a Photography Contest for its readers. Twelve cash prizes will be awarded for the best snapshots submitted under a general classification entitled

"This appeals to me"

The range of subjects you may choose under this title is unlimited. Anything that appeals to you, and of which you take the best picture you possibly can, is eligible—pictures of people or places you love, your pets or other animals, a favorite view, sport, game, or hobby. You'll be able to think of many interesting subjects that will appeal to you for pictures.

WE'RE GOING TO GIVE CASH PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00—SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00—TEN \$1.00 PRIZES

THE CONTEST OPENS JULY 1, 1940, CLOSES NOVEMBER 1, 1940.

All entries postmarked up to midnight of November 1st will be considered eligible.

RULES

1. Entrants may submit as many pictures as desired, but all must have been taken by the sender during the period of the contest. Prints taken prior to July first are not acceptable.

2. Each print must be clearly marked in ink on the back with the sender's name, full address, and age. State also if you are a Girl Scout and if so, give troop number, and your leader's name. Each print must be marked with the name of the camera and the name of film used.

3. Entries will be judged on attractiveness of composition and quality of photography.

4. Your snapshots may be made on any type of film, but must not be made on glass plate negatives. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No print or enlargement

more than ten inches in the longest dimension will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed.

5. Winners must be prepared to furnish negatives of winning pictures. Do not, however, send negatives until requested by the contest judges.

6. Not more than one prize will be awarded to any contestant.

7. All prints become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL. No prints will be returned to the senders, nor will entries be acknowledged. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to reproduce in the pages of the magazine any photograph submitted in the contest.

8. Address all entries to: Photography Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York City.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRIZE WINNERS will be made in the February 1941 issue. The names of the judges will be given next month.

handed him the letter. "We brought you this, because we wanted to be sure it went on your morning stage."

The old driver squinted at the address on the envelope. "Miss Hitty Amanda Gordon. Old Harry a-horseback—you don't need to go sending a letter to Miss Hitty Amanda Gordon! I fetched her up on the stage to-day. That's why I'm so plumb tuckered out. You'd a-thought I ordered all that mud, and that it was my fault the road outa Turkey Creek slanted like a cattle chute."

Dora's breath caught in her throat. "You don't mean you brought Aunt Hitty up here on your stage to Oratown! Why—she—it couldn't be—because in her letter she said she'd wait a month to hear from us."

"She told me she had waited a month—then another two weeks to boot—for you to come back. So I guess she was madder'n a wet hen before she even took the stage across the plains, and every jounce and jolt, from the muddy old Missouri to here, hotted her up that much more. Till now she's fit to bite a tenpenny nail in two."

"We only got her letter day before yesterday," Hittybelle defended. "You gave it to us yourself."

"Yeh, I know that, and I could hardly see your name for all the places it had been—Slabtown, Widow Gulch, Donkeyback, Denver City. Didn't you notice that the first postmark was way back in April, and here it is late June?" Ferzen turned triumphantly to Dora. "Looks like you've drove your last mule over these mountains, with that overgrown wagon of yours a-blockin' the road for them as has schedules to make. This Miss Hitty is goin' to take you right back with her on the stage in the mornin'. That's her now—settin' over there on the edge of her chair. She's just a-waitin' till the rain slacks a little before she goes after you. She's already asked me where you folks was a-stayin', and I showed her."

Three pairs of eyes followed Ferzen's directing nod. A tall, grim-visaged woman in black was, even as Ferzen had said, sitting on the edge of her chair "a-waitin'." Every set feature expressed disapproval of the loud and carefree hilarity of the miners and bullwhackers and cowboys in the lobby. Even the handful of Indians, wrapped in dirty blankets and smoking long cheroots, came in for a baleful glance now and then.

Hittybelle muttered, "Tenpenny nails! Honest, I think she could bite a railroad spike in two."

"But we can explain things to her—so she won't—she won't take me right back with her," Dora murmured.

"Explain!" Ferzen chortled with relish. "Go on and explain! Just like I tried to explain that I couldn't help it when the coach skithered in the mud so that some eggs broke and dripped onto her hat. Just like the hotel keeper tried to explain that he couldn't help it if the elk had lived too long before it reached their kitchen."

Mitie was clutching at Dora's arm. "Dora, let's go. I'm so scared and I'm getting sick!"

Dora, with one backward glance, plunged toward the door. Aunt Hitty's sharp eyes had turned in their direction, and they couldn't shove and push through the crowd swiftly enough to get to the door.

Outside in the darkness, the three started helter-skelter across the street. Mitie and Hittybelle, with much splashing and leaping, reached the stretch of board sidewalk. But halfway across the street Dora realized that her untied shoe was loose on her foot. An-

other step and the sticky suction of the mud had pulled it off.

She was just leaning over to pull it back on, when she heard a warning scream from Hittybelle, and at the same time two horses, pulling a light cart, came splashing around the corner in the dark. Dora made a frenzied leap forward, but one of the doubletrees brushed her, throwing her off balance so that she fell sprawling onto the sidewalk, directly in the path of a pedestrian with a box in his hand. Her headlong plunge upset him, and he muttered angrily as he picked himself up, "Do you have to fall all over your feet?"

In the meager light of a lantern, hanging on a store's porch, the two recognized each other. The young man with the box was Phineas. Dora laughed wanly, for the words were the same she had said to him when he fell onto the stage, "Do you have to fall all over your feet?"

Phineas said stiffly, "I thought it was some fellow who'd had too much Blackstrap to drink. Are you hurt?" He helped her to her feet. Her full skirts were weighted with mud and wetness. She took a limping step, said, as she leaned against the porch of the store, "I must have hit my foot on the walk—it hurts so. And my shoe—it must be still in the street." She thought, "I wonder if he still hates me?" If only Phineas wouldn't be so stand-offish, she'd tell him she was sorry she had accused him of ruining their show.

Hittybelle was saying in exasperation, "Wouldn't you think she'd faint, Phineas? Here she was knocked down and hurt her foot, and a real lady always faints when anything happens. I don't believe Dora's ever going to. I'm four years younger than she is, and I've fainted two times and a half—the half was once when I would have, only Nell threw water in my face."

Tall, gangling Mitie fidgeted about, shivering and anxious. "Let's go home. Phineas, you come with us. Everything is so awful, with Aunt Hitty sitting over there in the hotel waiting."

Phineas retrieved the lost shoe. A sorry excuse of a shoe it was, having been run over by the cart and dripping with mud and water. He looked sharply at Dora, standing with her weight on one foot. Maybe she couldn't be ladylike enough to faint, but in the lantern's dim light she looked whitely shaken.

"You can't put this shoe on, and you can't walk through the mud and stones without it," he said. "Here, Hittybelle, carry the box. My blackbirds are in it. Hush now," he scolded the chattering birds. "I've been all over town asking folks if they'd seen old Sam or heard anything—"

"And had anyone?" Dora asked.

"No. No one knows a thing about him," he answered. He asked Dora bluntly, "How much do you weigh?"

She stammered, in surprise, that she weighed about a hundred and ten pounds.

"I'm used to totin' sacks of ore down the mountains that weigh more'n that," he said. He turned and, in businesslike fashion, scooped Dora and her muddy skirt up into his arms. "Come on. It's only a step."

Dora was still protesting that she could walk, when Hittybelle threw open the cabin door and Phineas deposited her on a chair in the midst of the surprised troupe. He set her down with a thump, as though she were, indeed, a sack of ore.

At first Dora was the center of interest, and Phineas came in for his share, with everyone explaining to him how *Romeo and*

Juliet had been turned into a rollicking comedy after his mishap. But the interest soon shifted when Mitie told them, "She's here—Aunt Hitty is—and just as soon as the rain stops, she's coming to get Dora."

Hittybelle hurried to add that they had taken one look at her and dashed out the door.

McKean reproached them in lofty fashion. "You mean you turned and ran without saying a word to her? You scuttled out like scared rabbits? Never run from danger. Always face it. I'll go to Aunt Hitty and explain to her that the calling of the drama is a noble one. Prejudices, such as she cherishes, can only arise from ignorance. Where did you say the old she-buzzard was sitting?"

Hittybelle told him. "You'll know her by the way she's sitting on the edge of her chair just ready to pounce."

McKean put on his high-topped hat, took up his cane, and went out with assurance. They all sat there with the rain pelting on the roof, and the puppy, Good Luck—or should they have called him Bad Luck?—mixing yelps with whimpers because Phineas had found a sand burr imbedded in the fur of his neck and was gently pulling it out.

Presently the door opened softly, and McKean, looking dampened and wilted, came in. "What did she say?" There must have been six who breathed it together.

"Well," he hedged, "to tell the truth I didn't talk to her. I walked past the hotel lobby—"

"To tell the truth," Nell mimicked, with her rippling laugh, "you walked past the hotel, you looked in, you saw Miss Medusa sitting there, and you scuttled off in the dark like a long-legged rabbit."

Grand Patrick rose with a determined face. "It's heartsick I am, entirely, of this woman and her hectoring and badgering us! Are we rabbits to huddle here in fear? No, we are the Mallorays, and the Mallorays have fighting blood. I'll see this Aunt Hitty person."

As he slammed mightily out the door, Mother put in, "Don't be forgetting that, according to law, she is Dora's guardian."

Grand Patrick was not gone long, and he, too, came in on a much softer door than he went out on. "Mother of Moses," he said, "it took but one glance to tell me she was in no mood for arguing! No doubt that musk ox of a Ferzen jolted her into such a state that any milk of human kindness she had in her veins is well soured. I could see plain that words would fall on barren soil."

"Let's get out of town—before she comes down here," begged Mitie.

"Let's hurry," Dora cried. "It looks like the rain is slackin'."

Never had the painted wagon been packed so swiftly. Through the rain, Phineas's strong arms carried trunks, champagne baskets full of costumes, and the remaining box of bottled hair tonic. Dora hobbled about, helping hitch up the dun-colored mules.

Mother said to Phineas, "Here's room for your blackbirds. You know you're welcome to go with us."

"I'll go part way," he conceded.

They tucked in Hittybelle's pup with the marking that could be a tipped horseshoe, or was it a straight one? Evidently Grand Patrick had his own idea for he said gruffly, "Here, Bad Luck Piece, squirm down in this corner."

In the rain and darkness, the Dramatic Company of the Rockies, like the Arabs, silently stole away.

(To be continued)



Timely

MR. SMITH (who has just addressed a political meeting): John, tell me honestly—do you think I put enough fire into my speech?

JOHN: No, I think you didn't put enough speech into the fire.
—Sent by SUZANNE STAYTON, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Good Sign

FARMER JONES: I guess my son Hiram is going to be a farmer, after all, when he graduates from college.

FARMER BROWN: What makes you think so?

FARMER JONES: Well, he's planning on taking fencing lessons at college next year.—Sent by LOIS FRENCH, Oxford, Michigan.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Flies

MAN: Did you fish with flies?
FRIEND (back from camping trip): Fish with them? We fished with them, camped with them, ate with them, and slept with them!—Sent by VULA ANDERSON, Denver, Colorado.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this box.

clock fived.—Sent by DOROTHY PANER, Marysville, Ohio.

His Reply

A boy who had left the farm and got a job in the city wrote a letter to his brother at home, telling him of the joys of the city life. In it he said, "Thursday we motored out to the Country Club, where we golfed until dark, then picnicked, and later motored to the beach where we week-end-ed."

The brother on the farm wrote back, "Yesterday we bugied to town and baseballed all the afternoon. To-day we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed until sundown. Then we suppered and piped for awhile. After that we staircased up to our rooms and bedsteaded until the

Impactical

GUIDE: These are the ruins of a castle built by William the Conqueror.

TOURIST: Yes, but I can never understand why those old castles were always built so far from the railroad stations.—Sent by KITTY MAXWELL, Charlotte, North Carolina.

That Kind



MILLY: Out in the country, where I spent my vacation, they gave me one of those three-season beds.

TILLY: Never heard of them. What are they?

MILLY: No springs!—Sent by PATTY KERSTEN, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

An Easy One



TEACHER: Polly, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

POLLY: At the bottom, I guess.—Sent by GLADYS BEDELL, Port Richmond, N. Y.

Modesty

The small girl was taking part in a local concert. She was only seven years old and sang so well she was encored.

"Well, Marian, how did you get on?" asked her father when she returned home.

"I thought I sang my song all right," replied Marian, "but they made me do it all over again."—Sent by SYLVIA CARLSON, Nyack, New York.



MAGAZINES at LOW COST!

The American Girl with
American Boy.....Both for \$2.75
SAVE 75c

with
American Magazine Woman's Home Companion } Three for \$4.40
SAVE 60c

Better Homes & Gardens.....Both for \$2.00
SAVE 50c

Boys' Life.....Both for \$2.50
SAVE 50c

Child Life.....Both for \$3.50
SAVE 50c

Children's Playmate.....Both for \$2.00
SAVE 50c

Etude Music.....Both for \$3.25
SAVE 75c

Open Road for Boys.....Both for \$2.00
SAVE 50c

Reader's Digest.....Both for \$3.75
SAVE 75c

Wee Wisdom.....Both for \$2.00
SAVE 50c

THE AMERICAN GIRL, Dept. RS
14 West 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$..... for which send me one year of The American Girl with

.....
If Renewal, mark (R) after name

SEND TO

STREET.....

P. O.

STATE

These prices good in U.S. only

JOHN BARTRAM'S SECRET GARDEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

found to England, and soon he was receiving commissions from a score of wealthy patrons, for native American plants were becoming the fashion in stately English gardens. Many of the flowers, moreover, had never been seen in Europe before, and were exciting the admiration of famous botanists. Peter Collinson wrote to Bartram, "I have sent to Linnaeus a specimen of one leaf of the sensitive vine. Only to him would I spare such a jewel."

Travel was none too easy in the American colonies, and when Bartram left the rivers and the few turnpikes, he had to make his own road through trackless forests and across high mountain ranges. Yet no hardship, no difficulty, no thought of possible danger from Indians or wild animals, ever deterred him as he followed the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the Allegheny Rivers to their sources, explored the shores of Lakes George, Cayuga, and Ontario, climbed to the summits of the Appalachians, or wound through the water trails of the Florida Everglades.

Usually he set out on his horseback journeys in the autumn, when the farm harvesting was over—the best season of the year, moreover, for transplanting trees and flowers and gathering seed pods. When he came to a place he wished to explore, he would dismount, tie a bell around his horse's neck, and turn him loose. Sometimes he would make his headquarters at a settler's cabin, and after scouring the neighboring country all day, would bring his trophies home at night to be studied by the light of a pine knot fire. On one autumn day he was following the Altamaha River in Georgia when his eyes lighted on a tree in full bloom, with blossoms that were like those of the tropical tea plant, or the camellia. Bartram was amazed at the sight; he had never seen such flowers on a tree in any of his journeys, and what made the plant even more remarkable was the fact that it was in blossom at a time of year when all other trees had long since ceased to bloom. As he was in haste to get to an Indian council he could not take the plant with him, but several years later his son, William, brought it to Pennsylvania where it flourished as if in its native soil. The flowering tree was

named *Franklinia* in honor of Benjamin Franklin. Since that time scores of botanists have searched through the South for others of the same species, but none has ever been found in the wild state, and in only a few gardens have *Franklinias* blossomed from cuttings of Bartram's unique tree.

As Bartram was riding one day along the shore of a river in Florida, he lost his whip. Looking about for something that might serve as a switch, he caught sight of a sapling, not much larger than a twig, that was growing by the stream. The sapling was unfamiliar to him, and he dismounted and pulled the little plant up by the roots. As he studied it, he saw to his surprise that the sapling belonged to a very rare species of cypress tree, native to lands of the Far East. He put it in his saddlebag, and when he planted it in his garden he predicted that the twig would grow to be a tree of immense height. The prediction proved true, for when that oriental cypress attained its full growth it stood almost one hundred and seventy-five feet high, with a circumference at the base of twenty-nine feet.

Meanwhile, the garden on the Schuylkill had become a Mecca for all Americans who were interested in the natural history of their land. Benjamin Franklin often joined Bartram in the grape arbor and discussed the healing powers of various herbs; sometimes George Washington was a guest at dinner, where the host and his family sat at the same long table with the Negro farm servants. Some of the neighbors were still cultivating their fields with slave labor, but Bartram had long since set his Negroes free, had taught them to read and write, paid them good wages, and took them with his wife and children to Quaker meetings in Philadelphia.

Then the King—perhaps irritated by the Colonists' objection to paying the tax on tea—neglected to send Bartram his salary as royal botanist, and a little later some of his shipments of plants to England were captured by French privateers. Such vexations, however, were always forgotten when the botanist visited his tranquil valley in the Shenandoah. Eager as ever to explore, he traveled when he was seventy, with his son, William, to St. Augustine in East Florida. There he engaged a small boat, with a man to hunt game for food, and set out to seek the source

of the San Juan River, which wound through the wilderness for four hundred miles. He was enchanted by the great marshes, the many-colored mosses and vines, the strange insectivorous plants. On the shores he found the winter homes of many birds familiar to him in Pennsylvania in the spring, in the water many new varieties of flags and lilies, as well as many alligators. He ascended the San Juan to its source, collected specimens of every plant, and made surveys and copious notes of the depths, the currents, the soil, the habits of the alligators, and the nests of the birds.

When the botanist returned home, Dr. Franklin came in to hear all about that wonderful journey, and Bartram related his adventures with sparkling eyes.

"Why, the San Juan marshes must be even more beautiful than your 'Vale of Kashmir,'" the visitor said.

"More strange, but not so lovely," Bartram answered. His eyes twinkled, for he knew that this old friend, who was interested in all branches of science, was still curious as to the location of his secret paradise.

"Tell me where the valley lies, and I'll judge between them," Franklin said, adding as a lure, "On my next visit I'll bring you one of my newly invented stoves."

A few days later Franklin brought the stove; but though he was greatly pleased with the gift, Bartram would not share his secret even with his best friend.

John Bartram died the year the British army occupied Philadelphia, and George Washington with the Continental soldiers was encamped at Valley Forge. The famous garden, however, was unharmed, and the collecting of native plants was carried on by John's son, William, who became almost as celebrated a botanist as his father.

William Bartram's favorite hunting ground was the southern and more mountainous section of the Appalachians—which he was the first naturalist to explore—where he specially delighted in the flame azalea that blazed across the slopes of the Blue Ridge. It was William who, riding through a rift in the mountains one day, came upon a meadow in the Shenandoah, filled with *Cyclamen* and *Trillium* and fragrant with the strawberry scent of *Calycanthus*, and knew that, at last, he had found his father's secret garden.

HOOFPRIINTS IN HISTORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

frontiers for they could depend on supplies coming to them regularly. The feet of the dappled-gray horses enlarged the English possessions.

It was this very type of Conestoga wagon, changed only slightly, which became the "prairie schooner" of the westward-moving settlers of a later date. Such settlers followed those first adventurers on horseback who had gone with Daniel Boone over his Wilderness Road through Cumberland Gap and across the Alleghenies. English settlers with their horses were to journey on and on until they were within sight and hearing of the western ocean. Truly, from the time of William the Conqueror, the descendants of the charger of the Norman knight had been headed westward!

Because of a plentiful supply of the great dappled horses and because of increasing numbers of Conestoga wagons, the necessity

for roads to take the place of Indian trails and bridge paths became increasingly evident. In Pennsylvania, therefore, the first good roads were built.

By this time, horses from all the colonies were slipping through the forests between the settlements, carrying mail in the saddlebags. As the population increased, the need for sending supplies as well as mail became pressing, and the demand for roads greater.

Benjamin Franklin invented a gadget which kept track of the number of times the wheels of his "one-horse shay" turned around. In this way he was able to tell when he had ridden a mile. He set up milestones, therefore, along the new King's Highway, and some of them may be seen there to this day.

The trader and the missionary rode inland from the coasts. Then the judges bestrode their horses and carried the law to the frontier settlements.

"Spark" was the name of the horse from Maryland owned by the circuit rider, Francis Asbury. Asbury wrote in his journal that, in five years, "Spark" had traveled twenty-five thousand miles "which was probably a record for a horse." While "Spark" was thus journeying, the colonies were becoming an independent nation.

"Nelson," a chestnut-sorrel, was Washington's favorite mount. He was very tall, standing sixteen hands high, and was named for an old friend of his master, Thomas Nelson, Governor of Virginia.

"Blueskin," Washington's best hunter, had also come with his master from Mount Vernon to take part in the Revolution. But "Blueskin" was skittish under fire. The chestnut-sorrel, on the other hand, was quiet and quick to respond to his master's guidance. "Nelson," therefore, usually bore Washington into battle.

Many are the stories which could be told of the part other horses played during the Revolution. These would start, of course, with the ride of Paul Revere and Charles Dawes, the warning of the Massachusetts countryside, and the saving of the New England leaders—but the ride of Jack Jouett during the same struggle, though not so well known, is perhaps even more important. The story of Jouett's ride was told in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for April, 1940, under the title, *The Swiftest Nag in Albemarle*. The incident happened as follows: Jack Jouett, himself a captain for the colonials, chanced to look out from the tavern where he was staying and saw hundreds of British soldiers passing along the Virginia highway. Instantly he surmised that they must be on their way to Monticello to capture Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence. Just beyond lay Charlottesville, to which the members of the Virginia Assembly had recently been forced to retreat. Jouett's horse, however, was known as the "swiftest nag in Albemarle"—and that night she lived up to her reputation, bearing her master from midnight to dawn through the woods along an abandoned trail, arriving early enough to warn both Jefferson and the Virginia Assembly.

While telling of episodes in the Revolution in which horses took part, we must not forget the story of Caesar Rodney, who rode from Lewes in Delaware to Philadelphia, pausing only twice to change mounts and arriving in time to sign the new Declaration of Independence.

The story of the mare of Thomas Cheyney should be included, too. Because this fleet little mare could be guided over fences and across pasture and meadow, her master, an alert Pennsylvania farmer, was able to warn Washington of an attempted surprise flanking movement of the British, while Washington, on the edge of the Brandywine, was waiting for the Redcoats to appear in front of him. The warning which the little mare enabled her master to deliver doubtless saved eleven thousand Americans from death and capture, and made possible the retreat to Valley Forge.

Then the Revolution ended, and Tench Tilghman rode horseback from Yorktown to Philadelphia with the tidings of Cornwallis's surrender. We are told of the watchman's dramatic cry to the denizens of the city on that eventful day, "Past three o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!" After peace had been earned the horses of Washington—"Nelson" and "Blueskin"—were turned out to graze in the pastures of Mount Vernon. But the work of other horses went on, horses tilling the fields and hauling in the harvest, horses going along the trails and the bridle paths and the rapidly lengthening roads.

The West was being opened, and the Easterner traveled westward with his horses. For a time the Indians defied the white men, and the Indians, too, were riding—riding descendants of the wild horses brought to the New World by the early Spaniards.

Much of our system of Government was planned with the idea of the galloping feet of the horses in the background. Such, for instance, is our method of selecting Presidential electors to carry word of election returns from each State to the Nation's capital. Because, in the first days of our Republic, there was no telegraph, telephone, or radio, all communication was furnished by the swift feet of horses. That is why there is a period of time between Presidential elections and the date when the new President takes office. For, in the beginning, the result of each

State's election must be carried, on horseback, to the Capitol. And from there—after the ballots had been counted and the wishes of the States known—a delegation must set forth, on horseback or by horse-drawn vehicle, to notify the successful candidates who, in turn, must themselves begin their slow journey, by the same means, to take office.

This procedure of formally notifying the successful candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency is still carried out with all ceremony, though because of radio, telephone, and telegraph, the probable outcome of a National election is sometimes known before the States farthest west have finished voting.

When Washington served as President, he was fond of traveling in an elaborate coach drawn by white horses. These horses were coated with white paste and then brushed until their coats fairly glistened; their hoofs were blackened, and the coachman and footmen wore bright livery. Whenever this coach, sometimes referred to as "Washington's chariot," passed by there was great excitement. Thomas Jefferson, however, disliked ceremony and rode horseback to the Capitol. When he arrived, he tied his horse to a fence and walked unostentatiously into the Senate chamber to take his oath of office.

Presently canals came into use in the East, and horses walked along the towpaths, drawing the boats along the water. Four matched grays drew the first boat along the Erie canal—a boat loaded with a keg of lake water to be dumped into New York Bay!

Street cars came into existence, and these, too, were horse-drawn. Horses hauled the first fire apparatus, and horses drew the first ambulances. The feet of the horses furnished the power which printed some of the first newspapers, even as, in the early days, they sometimes had furnished power for the grinding of the settlers' corn.

Horses played their part in adding States to the Union. For instance, they speeded in relays from Washington to Texas, bearing the official news of annexation.

A missionary named Whitman rode four thousand miles, from Oregon to Washington, to tell of the need for settling Oregon before Canada did so. When Congress shrugged its shoulders and said that the way to Oregon was impassable, Whitman retorted with the news that he and his wife had gone into that territory by wagon—the first wagon to go through.

In 1846, horses bore volunteers going forth to carve and guard the Oregon trail. It took eighteen months to open the trail to homesteaders, for the mounted Indians did all they could to impede their progress. Outriders on horseback guarded every emigrant train that moved toward the sunset.

"Old Whitey" was the comrade of General Zachary Taylor all through the Mexican war. After the war was over, his master gave orders that he should never be ridden again.

No rôle which horses have played in America was more exciting than that of the Pony Express of 1860. This project, started by private individuals, was inaugurated to carry the mail quickly between California and St. Louis. It was copied more or less after the old system of the Grand Khan as reported by Marco Polo. Stations for the changing of horses were erected, every ten or fifteen miles, on the route along which the mail was to be rushed. This was the beginning of the slogan, "No matter what happens, the mail must go through." And go through it did, on the backs of the "flying ponies" as they were called. Ten days was the time required.

NUACE MOUNTING CORNERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **TRANSPARENT MOUNT**

your photo negatives directly under their prints with these handy corners. No loose negatives; no index needed.

Regular, Junior, and Senior styles in black, white, gray, green, red, sepia, ivory, gold, and silver. Also crystal-clear Transparent style. Only a dime a pkg. at your favorite store, or send 10c (Canada 15c) for pkgs. and samples.

24 Gould St. ACE ART CO. Reading, Mass.

MOST LOVELY LADY!

Queen Astrid Mourning stamp of Belgium (most beautiful in the world) and Paraguay Flag Stamp. (both illustrated); also famous Australia Anzac Commemorative, Albania, Manchukuo, Palestine, and many other fine stamps in our big packet of 57 different from far-off lands. Price only 3c to approval applicants!

E. T. DEWEY, 1036 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.

SCARCE TRIANGLE!

(as shown) from far-off Tannou Tova, plus dandy packet including Borneo Anti-Eater, Gorgona Black & Silver Mourning stamp, first U.S. Commemorative, Ancient Bavaria, thrilling DIAMOND, Scarce Zanzibar, Mermaid, Head-Hunter, Mosquito, pictorials etc. from far-away countries. All sent as described to new approval applicants for only 5c. Also Given Genuine perforation gauge.

FALK, Inc. Dept. A Box 522 Jacksonville, Florida

CANAL ZONE Panama Canal Commemorative & Ecuador showing U.S. Flag in natural colors (shown), also packet 5c DIFFERENT including "Tulip", "Bird", "China", "Midge", "Christ", "Triangle", "Moose", "Giraffe", etc. Only 5c with approval.

Potomac Stamp Co., Dept. 11, Washington, D.C.

"FREE—THE STAMP FINDER!"

Send today for our valuable "Stamp Finder"—an illustrated booklet enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps and to tell at a glance the countries from which they come! Also fine packet of old and unusual stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Patina, etc., including maps, ships, animals, etc. All free to approval applicants enclosing 5c postage.

GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 907, Calais, Maine

LIBERIA ZOO TRIANGLE!

(shown), also famous with Rogers Airmail, Irish George Washington stamp, Italy, Abyssinia, Sahara Desert, Pirate Islands, South Seas, Ships, etc.—all FREE with lists and approvals. Send 5c postage.

DOCUMENTAL STAMP CO. Arlington-A Baltimore, Md.

FREE! Foreign Coin, banknote, and large illustrated coin catalog free for 4c postage. Up to \$20.00 CASH PAID FOR INQUIRY. **HEAD CENTS**. Buying list showing dates wanted and prices paid for. Coin & stamp annuals also.

TATHAM COIN CO. 48 SPRINGFIELD MASS.

Gift Edition Stamp Annual Free

Sixty Pages with hundreds of Illustrations featuring Canadians, Newfoundlanders, United States, Colonials, Foreign, Supplies. Sent FREE. **GRAY STAMP COMPANY, Dept. AG, Toronto, Canada.**

STAMP COLLECTION FREE!

Contains Africa; Confederate States (facsimile); China "Wild Goose"; French Colonies; Beautiful Belgian Queen Astrid stamp, etc. all free to approval applicants sending 5c postage. 1000 hinges, 7c. Watermark Detector, 2c. 15 Confederate Prints 10c.

Tatham Stamp Co., 281 Belmont (G-7), Springfield, Mass.

U.S. INVERT

For a limited time, to every applicant for our U.S. Approval Service, we will send a scarce U.S. Invert (unused). An 8-page booklet listing and pricing every U.S. Commemorative will be included, and both can be had by sending us 6c for postage and handling.

HUBER STAMP CO. 1227 CHELTON AVE. DEPT. 25 PITTSBURGH, PA.

FREE 29 different Borneo, Liberia, South Seas, Uganda, Togo, etc., with approvals. Send 3c for postage.

COCCO LIBRARIES, 60VER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

EXCHANGE YOUR DUPLICATES—Send 100 and dime. Receive 100 and the ONLY set ever issued by **WHITE RUSSIA**. Large Pictorials, 10 val. Mint.

D. ROSE, 2835 Clinton Ave., New York, N. Y.

110 DIFFERENT Including Two Scarce Ecuador gents. Brazil, etc., 3c to approval applicants for only 5c.

H. Hunsicker's, Box 225-E, Minneapolis, Minn.

Beautiful six colored Ecuador air mail and packet of 20 other good stamps, only 5c with approvals.

Imperial Stamp Co., Box 71, Station O, New York, N.Y.

Penny Approvals: Thousands different, Pictorials, Commemoratives. Raymax, Box 21-G, Station Y, Brooklyn, N.Y.

FREE!!! AUSTRIA WAR SET. Postage 3c. **WILLIAMS, 602 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.**

FREE!!! Two Coronation Sets, Postage 3c. **ROBERTS, 312L Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Michigan.**

But something was to span the continent quicker than most people ever dreamed. In 1861, the first transcontinental telegraph line was completed and the need for the Pony Express was over.

There are no better known horses in our history than some of those which bore their masters through the Civil War. "Cincinnati" was the favorite mount of General Grant. He was a large horse, noted for his speed, and except for his master was ridden by no one else save Abraham Lincoln, to whom Grant offered him when Lincoln visited the military camp at City Point. "Cincinnati" is said to have borne Lincoln on what was destined to be his last horseback ride.

Another of Grant's favorites, "Little Jeff," came, it is said, from the stables of Jefferson Davis, who had developed the strain from crossing a noted Canadian race horse, "Oliver," with several blooded American and English mares. After Grant became President of the United States, "Little Jeff" occasionally drew his carriage, but "Cincinnati" would not have condescended to draw a vehicle.

"Traveller" came from the mountains of Virginia. He was a tall horse with a black mane and tail, and otherwise "dressed," as his master, Robert E. Lee, is claimed to have said, very appropriately in Confederate gray. Even when he freed himself one day from his halter and went galloping gleefully up the road, he stopped short, turned about and came trotting obediently back at the sound of his master's whistle.

Everyone knows of General Philip Sheridan's ride to Winchester on his black charger which had hitherto been called "Rienzi," but after that day was rechristened "Winchester."

"Old Sorrel" was the favorite war horse of Stonewall Jackson. He was said to be unprepossessing in appearance, being rawboned and gaunt. When Stonewall Jackson was killed, his last words were, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Perhaps the General thought he was still riding "Sorrel."

It may be that "Traveller," the horse of General Lee, and "Cincinnati," the mount of General Grant, met under the trees at Appomattox and touched noses, as their masters discussed matters pertaining to the future of America. That conversation, among other things, concerned horses, for Grant ordered that the Southern soldiers be allowed to take their horses with them. The war which had threatened to divide the country was over. Destruction was finished, construction must follow—and there, as usual, the horses would play a great part.

Like "Nelson," "Cincinnati" was allowed to spend his final days at ease. When he died, he was given honorable burial. When Lee's coffin was carried from the church, it was his friend, "Traveller," who whinnied the last call after the flower-decked burden.

"Winchester" may still be seen in a glass case at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, but his black coat is so closely clipped that he no longer resembles the old description of General Sheridan's horse, but appears to be a bay.

There is another horse which should be mentioned as playing an important part during this period. That horse was "Old Abe." President Lincoln rode his namesake daily between the White House and the Soldiers' Home on the outskirts of the city, during the period when the family spent the summer months there. One day, while riding along lost in thought, a bullet whistled past the President's ear. At this point, he reported, "accelerated transit" began. "Old Abe" bore his rider safely out of range, but Lincoln admitted that one of the Abes was frightened.

After the war was over, there was increasing difficulty with the Indians, particularly the Sioux. A wood train from Fort Kearny, Wyoming, was attacked by them. Colonel Carrington, in charge of the fort, sent out eight men and an officer to relieve the train. These men walked into a trap set by the Indians and were massacred. The Colonel knew he could not hold the fort with his

reduced force if the Indians should attack, as he was certain they would. A frontiersman, known as "Portugee" Phillips, offered to try and get through the Indian lines to Fort Laramie, two hundred and thirty-six miles away. He set out on Carrington's horse at midnight, in a raging blizzard, with the temperature at twenty-five degrees below zero. The horse got through. Forty-eight hours later, his rider stumbled into Fort Laramie where a Christmas party was being held. Outside, the horse which had brought him dropped in a heap in the snow. He was dead—but reinforcements were sent and arrived in time to save Fort Kearny.

"Comanche," a powerful gray horse, sixteen hands tall, was the sole survivor of Colonel George Armstrong Custer's charge against the Sioux at Little Big Horn, in a later encounter. The horse was found many miles from the field of battle, very weak from the wounds he had received. He was carefully nursed and rejoined his regiment, where he was daily saddled and bridled and led out for inspection. But never again was "Comanche" allowed to do duty. Military orders were issued to the effect that he should have every comfort, but that he should not be ridden by any person, under any circumstances, nor put to any kind of work. And always he was to be paraded with the regiment.

America has produced a famous breed of horses from the line of "Justin Morgan." "Justin Morgan" took his name from his master, a Vermont tavern keeper. The horse was of unknown origin, but the breed he has produced is a sturdy one, noted for exceptional qualities of endurance and for the fact that Morgan horses could be used both in the field and between the carriage shafts. The reputation of the Morgan horses was for "gameness and stamina." When you think of American history, think of men likewise noted for "gameness and stamina" at work with their horses. For from such mutual toil has America been fashioned.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—EASTMAN JOHNSON—1824-1906

THE fame of Eastman Johnson, one of the most successful painters of the Sixties and Seventies, has been in eclipse for the past thirty years, and it is only recently that critics have come to feel that, although of lesser stature than his contemporary, Winslow Homer, he still deserves a recognized place in the annals of American art.

In 1824 at Lowell, Maine, Eastman Johnson was born into a family of eight children, sons and daughters of Mary Chandler and Phillip Carrigan Johnson, Secretary of State of Maine. When he was fifteen he left Augusta, where his family was then living, for Concord, New Hampshire, to work as a clerk in a dry-goods store. For two or three years he continued in this job while trying his hand at drawing; then he went to work in a Boston lithography shop, probably Bufford's, where Homer also received early training. His advance was rapid and at eighteen he was back with his family in Augusta, doing portraits in pencil or crayon at moderate prices for his father's wide circle of friends. About three years later he moved to Washington where Dolly Madison, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Daniel Webster sat to him for their portraits.

Johnson's Washington reputation attracted the attention of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow who ordered portraits of himself, his family, and four of his friends, including Hawthorne and Emerson. About this time the young artist began to try his hand at color, and, in 1849, he went to Dusseldorf, Germany, to study at the Royal Academy. Here he shared a studio with Leutze, who was working at that time on his painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware." Johnson profited by the excellent training in drawing, anatomy, perspective, and composition, but what he was primarily seeking was color, not an outstanding feature of the Dusseldorf school. He found it in Holland where he spent an extended period studying and copying the works of Rembrandt, Hals, and Van Dyck, returning to America equipped with a sound technique to

pursue his lucrative career as a portrait painter, receiving as high as ten thousand dollars apiece for his canvases.

After a trip West in search of Indian subjects, Johnson settled at his father's home in Washington where he painted his famous "Old Kentucky Home," exhibited at the National Academy of Design in 1859, when he was made an Associate and soon after an Academician. During the Civil War, Johnson followed the Union Army, gaining inspiration for a number of pictures, among them the well-known "Wounded Drummer Boy."

When the artist was forty-six, he married Elizabeth Buckley of Troy, and settled in New York which was his winter home for the rest of his life. Summers were spent at Nantucket where he did a series of genre pictures on which, even more than on his portraits, his claim to fame rests. (The classification "genre" applies to pictures whose subject matter deals realistically with scenes from everyday life, as distinguished from heroic, historic, ideal, or romantic themes. The Dutch painter, Vermeer, is perhaps the most famous exponent of this type of painting.) This month's frontispiece is one of the earliest of Johnson's genre scenes.

Although the work of the French Impressionists was unknown to Johnson, many of his genre pictures show an amazing preoccupation with light and atmosphere. Sunlight filters through doorways, windows, or trees to illuminate the side of a face, or the fold of a dress. One of his canvases, "The Overseer," done in a technique very different from the others in its bold freedom, is definitely Impressionist in style.

Johnson's fine draughtsmanship (evident in the sure and flowing line of "Polly Gary") his feeling for form, his interest in and ability to render light and atmosphere, the subdued richness of his color, make these sincere and gracious records of everyday American life—from the sugar camps of the North to the plantations of the South—worthy of a secure place in American painting. M.C.



Hark, Hark, The Little Dogs Bark!

JOAN snuggled the soft, warm bodies of the puppies in her arms. She could feel the steady beating of their little hearts. "Which do you want, Jin?" she asked her chum. "You'll have to take one, you know. Mother won't let me keep them both."

Jean considered. "They're both adorable," she said, "but if you really mean that I can have my choice, I'll take this one." She reached for the silky brown dachshund. "Wuz-zum Jeanie's li'l ole link o' sausage?" The little dog wriggled delightedly, and gave her chin a hasty lick.

"Mother won't mind," Jean added. "She's just as crazy about dogs as I am."

"Okay!" Joan rested her cheek on the head of the other puppy, a lively little black spaniel. "I thought it would be all right with your mother. Let's feed these youngsters, and then read the August AMERICAN GIRL. It's just come."

- The girls carried their new pets out to the stable, now used as a garage, where Joan had prepared a large box in which she had put an old woolen coat. She placed the little spaniel in the box and turned toward the door. "I'll go to the house now and get the food," she said as she went out.

The puppy scrambled in vain to get out of the box. Rolling a despairing eye at his mistress's de-

parting figure, he raised a dismal howl.

"'Sing For Your Supper,' pup," Jean quoted, grinning. "Here, don't feel so bad about it. She's coming back." She dumped her little dachshund in beside the spaniel, and knelt by the box, rolling the little fellows over and over. When Joan returned, all three were enjoying a romp.

- An hour later the girls tip-toed out of the stable, leaving the dozing puppies cuddled contentedly in their box. Joan fetched the August AMERICAN GIRL from the house, and the two friends settled themselves in the Bar Harbor hammock to read. The porch was cool and pleasant behind the honeysuckle vines.

Joan drew a long breath of summer-scented air. "Nice out here, isn't it? And this number of the magazine just fits the season—it's filled with summer. Look at the cover, Jin! Aren't those sea gulls of Orson Lowell's refreshing?"

Jean bent to look. "Yes, they make you almost smell the sea. And this article, *Canadian Odyssey*, by Jill Randolph—it's about a canoe trip evidently." She studied the pages. "Uh, huh, up in the wilds of Canada."

"Here's another summery article, this one about Audubon," said Joan. "It's called *Lucy Audubon, Ameri-*

can Wife. Lucy helped Audubon so much, you know, and believed in him always—no matter how unsuccessful he seemed to be at the time. This article must be about their marriage."

"I'm certainly glad we have it," said Jean. "I've wanted to know more about the Audubons. It's written by Donald Culross Peattie, too. He's a naturalist himself, as well as a writer."

"Fiction looks promising," remarked Joan. "Here's a story about Yes-We-Can Janey, *Janey Finds a Skipper*; and besides our darling serial, *Sing For Your Supper*—I just dote on Lenora Mattingly Weber's things, don't you?—there's a Bushy-and-Lofty story, *My Book and Heart*, that looks as if it would be awfully funny. And here's another, *Blue Blossoms in Carolina*, by Gertrude Tucker." She glanced up questioningly. "Isn't Miss Tucker new to THE AMERICAN GIRL?"

"I think so," answered Jean, bending over to turn the page. Suddenly she gave a little squeal. "Look, Jo! Here's a Lucy Ellen story, *Miss Downing Speaking*. I'm just in the mood for Lucy Ellen. Do read it to me, like a good girl."

•
If your subscription has run out, mail the renewal to-day. Send \$1.50 for one year's subscription, or \$2.00 for two years, to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, New York.

At Atlanta's World Premiere

An Ardent Horsewoman, Nancy often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish bayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.

In Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggvesson," on lovely old Pace's Ferry Road, Nancy and friends prepare to leave for the premiere.

Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.

She was a Belle of the Ball

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions. Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for me! Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."

—She wrote it up

—**BOTH** ARE
SOUTHERN BEAUTIES
—AND **BOTH** HELP KEEP
THEIR SKIN LOVELY
WITH **POND'S**

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the *Atlanta Journal* column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

Before the Premiere—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillibub."

In a Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 22-CVG, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

t
a
d.
a

ut



enough
Pond's
Cream
differs
se, 10¢

company